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The Traveler's Series

By

FRANK SCHOONMAKER



Come with Me Through
Germany

BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

THROUGH EUROPE ON TWO

DOLLARS A DAY

(New and Revised Edition)

THE TRAVELER'S SERIES

- I. Come with Me Through France
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COME WITH ME THROUGH GERMANY

By
FRANK SCHOONMAKER

ILLUSTRATED



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COME WITH ME THROUGH GERMANY

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PART I

COME WITH ME THROUGH GERMANY

Chapter I

THE GERMAN ENIGMA

WHEN the sky finally cleared over Europe after four years of storm, we Americans, looking across an infinitely narrower Atlantic, could see very few of the old landmarks. But during the past ten years the pre-war favorites have one by one regained their places on the international stage. We have forgotten Joffre and remembered the Champs-Élysées; we have unlearned gradually the lesson of 1917—England has ceased to be the “mother-country” and has become again the land of hedgerows, cottage gardens, Windsor Castle and the Prince of Wales. Italy is once more the “home of art”; sauerkraut is no longer banned from American tables; we have regained our perspective, and the innocuous dachshund is no longer stoned upon American streets.

But meanwhile the Old Germany has refused persistently to come down from its place on this same dusty shelf. The rumor is current among us that a New Germany has arisen and swallowed the Old—that *The Student Prince* was, after all, only a mu-

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sical comedy, that a new Frankenstein is building in the mills of Essen, that the land of Goethe and Heine, the country of interminable Sunday afternoons, of zoos and beer-gardens and *Gemütlichkeit*, has gone down for all time like a lost Atlantis. Of this, unfortunately, we know comparatively little; the dawn is only breaking over Germany to-day, and through the pale deceptive light of this twentieth-century morning the outlines of the Reich seem indistinct and strange. Something, we know, is emerging from the shadow, and the New World turns toward Germany a million questioning eyes.

Do the sabers still rattle at Potsdam? Is the Kaiser forgotten as well as gone?

Are young men still gay under the great elms of Heidelberg? Do they still fight those terrible duels in Hirsch Gasse and talk philosophy over the tables of the Ritter?

What has come to Berlin to take the place of the rococo splendor of the Hohenzollerns? Is this Chicago of the Old World an anarchist at heart, or a snob? Are there once more flowers in the window-boxes of Charlottenburg? Is Unter den Linden all it was?

Has the Reich still time for the old and the beautiful? Are there cities in Germany where the Past still reigns—hill-top Carcassonnes where the walls still stand, brown little Sienas where one day is like another?

Is a new America rising between the Vistula and the Rhine? Have the Germans sacrificed, on the

The German Enigma

altar of progress, the old love of music, the old love of art? Did the friendliness, the indefinable *bonhomie* of the German people entirely disappear during four years of war?

Will the coming generation of young Germans—who are destined to bear on their stalwart shoulders the burdens of a new day—will they be Junkers, or robots, or men?

It is this mystery, this shadow, this enigma which makes Germany more than ever attractive to the traveler of to-day. Curiosity is a powerful magnet and the tourist tide is running, in ever-increasing volume, back up the half-forgotten estuaries that lie beyond the Rhine. The American traveler, like Barkis, is waiting for his answer. . . .

The purpose of this little volume is to provide, for the person who is interested in something more than the superficial Germany, a companion and a friend. Like "Come With Me Though France" it is not a guide-book, but an invitation.

Chapter II

BERLIN—THE PASSING OF THE OLD ORDER

BERLIN is a city of dawn and twilight, a bewildering place of contradictions, a battle-ground over which the New and the Old wage pitiless war. Berlin is a city of tarnished splendor, the frayed rococo curtain of an empty stage, the care-worn capital of a vanished empire.

Berlin is also a city of unceasing labor, an orderly metropolis of unimportant people, the most provincial, the most unsophisticated, the most colorless, and at the same time the most remarkable, most impressive capital of post-war Europe.

The tourist who stays for three or four days at some hotel within a stone's throw of Unter den Linden, and who confines his peregrinations to that very small district commonly known as "the tourist's Berlin," comes away with very little knowledge of the life, the habits, the character of the four million people who inhabit this great city of the Reich. He would do better to find time for a bus ride through the great dull quarters where the proletariat lives—Moabit, Neu-Kölln, Schöneberg, and the whole northeastern section of Berlin—to visit the Reichstag if it happens to be in session, to spend a Sunday morning in the park at Grunewald, and a Sunday

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afternoon in the Zoo, to go to the movies in one of those vast and very beautiful theaters which line Kurfürstendamm, to lunch with the hoi polloi in an Aschinger's Bierquelle, and dine modestly at a beer-garden, while the band plays brassy, sentimental music and lovers talk across the tables.

"The tourist's Berlin" is only a little city, stretching for a mile along and around the green beauty of Unter den Linden; on the west it is bounded by the woods of the Tiergarten (the long straight streets that run out to Charlottenburg rarely echo to the traveler's foot); on the east it includes the vast Schloss of the ex-Kaiser and a whole island of museums; to the north its limit is the Stadtbahn, or elevated railway; to the south, Leipziger-Strasse, the busiest and most important commercial artery of Berlin. This small district is essentially the Berlin of empire; the Linden, placid, shaded, curiously impressive on its short march from the Brandenburg Gate to the statue of the great Frederick, was in a sense the Via Sacra of the Hohenzollerns; the rain-washed buildings, so laden with sculpture, that stand around the Lustgarten are, despite their ugliness, strangely imperial; Wilhelm-Strasse was and is still the street of the Foreign Office. And yet little by little Berlin has crept away from what must be considered her political and historic center. One by one the wealthier families have moved west, out Tiergarten-Strasse, around the Zoo, into the charming quiet of Charlottenburg. No longer do the fashionable people of Berlin come to amuse themselves on

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the streets that run back from the Linden; the famous Wintergarten is the last stronghold of the old régime, and the crowds that one sees at night on Friedrich-Strasse are poorly dressed. The tourist has fallen heir to a section of Berlin over which the shadow of the Hohenzollerns still lies, a section which represents neither the best nor the worst, neither the richest nor the poorest of the city, a section which is (as far as the Germany of to-day is concerned) without character and without importance.

And yet, were I an American fresh come to Berlin, with two or three days set apart for the whole vast capital of the Reich, I think I should restrict myself pretty much to this one section. First, because it contains practically every building, every museum of lasting value that the city owns; second, because most Americans (and I think I am justified in saying this) prefer to think of Berlin rather as the city of Wilhelm II than as the city of von Hindenburg and Stresemann; third, because, in forty-eight hours or so, it is impossible to get more than a superficial picture of the life and character of a city of four million souls—whereas, in this same space of time, one can see the Berlin of the guide-books from end to end.

This inner town starts rather splendidly with the Brandenburg Gate, a huge five-ported thing of gray sandstone, through which one can see in summer-time the green of trees. On one side lies the Tiergarten, looking like a bit of informal coun-

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try woodland; on the other, beyond the precise loveliness of the Pariser Platz (most beautiful of Berlin's squares), the Linden runs off eastward like a velvet chain. Had it a slope, the veriest suggestion of a hill at one end or the other, Unter den Linden would take its place among the half dozen most magnificent highways of the world—the equal in dignity, if not in grace, of the lordly Champs-Élysées itself. All Berlin, like the Linden, suffers from the flatness of her ground; there are never (as in Paris, Rome and Brussels) those unforgettable moments when the whole city seems a mere handful underneath one's eyes, when an avenue lifts to a sort of superb climax and falls again. Perhaps it is this which makes Berlin, for all her grandeur, so prosaic—but let us return to the Brandenburg Gate and remember certain things.

In the days when Mark Brandenburg was only one of a half a hundred German principalities, a line of obscure margraves by the name of Hohenzollern had their hunting-lodge in a wood that is now the Tiergarten. Little by little they increased in power, earning finally the title of king and bringing to Berlin, their city, a modest prosperity. But at the time when the Louis were ruling at Versailles, Berlin still wore the aspect of a provincial town; only in the last century did she become one of the great metropolises of the world. The Brandenburg Gate, in its original form, was merely the gate through which passed the road to the little town of Brandenburg; the present structure (an imitation of Athens'

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Doric Propylæa) became, with the passing of years, the Arc de Triomphe of the German Empire; as late as 1917 its wide central passage was still reserved for members of the royal family.

But let us put our backs to the *Brandenburger Tor* and follow the Linden on its short and justly celebrated way. Since the war this boulevard has lost a little of its aristocratic bearing—travel bureaux now occupy its buildings and sight-seeing busses clutter its distinguished curbs; the people that lounge on the benches under its trees have a slovenly, an almost rustic air—as though peasants still lived out near the Tiergarten and came here to mingle with the tourists. But the streets that branch off to the south are, every one of them, historic. First of all, Wilhelm-Strasse—grim, silent, infinitely impressive in its power, a street that has written as much in the way of history as any other on the continent of Europe. Turning down from the Linden one passes on the right a series of closed doors behind which have been hatched half of the political intrigues of modern times. Number seventy is the British Embassy; number seventy-two is the former palace of Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia; number seventy-three, with the steel-helmeted guards before its portal, is the residence of von Hindenburg; seventy-four to seventy-six is the Foreign Office; number seventy-seven was, for fifteen years, the home of Bismarck. Just around the corner, on Wilhelm-Platz, are the windows of the former American Embassy, from

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which Ambassador Gerard watched Germany march off to war. There is an iron dignity about this famous little street, relieved, as it is, by no touch of verdure; the spirit of Bismarck, one would say, broods over it still, and yet behind these houses are gardens stretching to a distant wall, the high green tree-tops of the Tiergarten and the blue of sky.

Second of the streets that cross Unter den Linden is Friedrich-Strasse. This, which was for a generation the Broadway of Berlin, has acquired since the rise of Kurfürstendamm a sort of tawdry glitter; it belongs to the tourist by day and the prostitute by night. Its restaurants have not that touch of *chic* that one would expect of houses within a block or two of the Linden; they are either old-fashioned (and for that reason charming) or new and cheaply smart. The American, when he captured Friedrich-Strasse, scored, it must be confessed, a rather hollow victory. But captured it he has! The city of Berlin, as if acknowledging this fact, has erected an information kiosk at the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and Unter den Linden, where maps, booklets, and a hundred other things that smooth the traveler's way, are handed out gratuitously by English-speaking clerks.

The third cross street is Charlotten-Strasse. Following this southward one comes in two blocks to the Gendarmen-Markt, a little patch of greenness against Berlin's gray heart. Out of its grass rise three buildings—two churches (in one of which serv-

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ices are still held in the French language) and the Schauspielhaus, a sort of German Comédie Française.

A block beyond Charlotten-Strasse, Unter den Linden comes to its official end. Just at this point, looking oddly like a mounted policeman for all his ermine robe, Frederick the Great sits stonily astride a granite horse and stares (with the bored empty stare of one who has gazed too long) at the imperial wilderness that lies before him. Within ten minutes' walk of this one spot lie innumerable evidences of the Hohenzollern's pride—a half dozen palaces, a thousand statues. What peculiar form of megalomania, one wonders, caused the Kaisers to set up this vast army of stone dolls, to express their learning, their achievements, their emotions, their imperial approval, through the medium of atrocious sculpture. There are busts of Hegel and Kant and Goethe and Schiller in Berlin, a dozen statues of Bismarck, statues of Treitschke and Pan, von Moltke, Melpomene, Peace, War, Motherhood and Minerva. Rococo cupids with garlands, a long row of stone margraves, lions, eagles and tigers—a veritable Noah's ark. They line every bridge, bedeck every building, and embellish (as Baedeker would have it) every square. So apparent is their guileless and unconscious humor, that one who knew the Hohenzollern turn of mind less well would almost suspect these monarchs of poking sly fun at themselves.

But let us stand here like lackeys beneath the bridle of great Frederick's horse (Moderation on one

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side of us, and Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau on the other) and look on what was once the seat of Europe's strongest empire. To the north of this square, which Frederick, with his penchant for the classic, christened the "Forum Fridericianum," lies first the University of Berlin, second the Royal Guard House, and third the Arsenal; to the south a series of colossal royal abodes stretches almost unbroken as far as the banks of the Spree. A palace for Emperor Wilhelm I, a palace for the Crown Prince, and a palace for the princesses; beyond these, looming like a sort of bleak gray mountain against the sky, the seven-hundred-room Schloss where the ex-Kaiser entertained his friends. What an abominably tasteless pile it is, with the Empress Augusta posing in the guise of Juno on its doorstep! How far the Hohenzollerns fell short of the kingliness of the Bourbons! What *nouveau riche* monarchs they were! Imagine putting statues of your deified grandparents on your front stoop, for all the world to see!

The Reich has been rather put to it to find a use for these buildings. The Crown Prince's Palace is now a Gallery of Modern Art, with a number of very fine canvases by Manet, Monet, Cézanne and Renoir; the Schloss, which stands very nearly as the Kaiser left it, has been transformed into a museum; the Berliners speak of it as though it contained some distant archæological remains—as one would say, "here lived the plesiosaurus." For surely even the giant lizard of the prehistoric ocean could be comfortably installed inside the walls of this six-acre

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prison; he would have room to bathe and gambol in the royal stables, which are a hundred yards wide and almost twice as long. These lie to the south of the Schloss itself, beyond what was, in the days of Margrave Joachim Hector, a tilting-yard. The Schloss has traveled a long road since then; one by one, the members of the Brandenburg dynasty have changed it to suit their fancy; its architectural style has been successively Renaissance, baroque, neo-classic, potpourri. But the interior, aside from its interest as a curiosity, contains a number of very fine things. Particularly notable are the Beauvais tapestries, the furnishings brought here intact from the boudoir of Marie Antoinette at Versailles, several pieces of exquisite Florentine silver, and the collection of majolica, unexcelled in the world.

Across from the palace, beside the Lustgarten, stands the cathedral. This too is impressive in its size, a towering mass that harmonizes with nothing unless it be the Schloss. The plans for this, when submitted to the Emperor for his august approval, came back considerably altered and signed "Wilhelm, Architect." Somehow, after three decades, it strikes one as a little presumptuous on the Kaiser's part to believe that the deity shared his own execrable taste in architecture.

All this—the Schloss, the stables, the Lustgarten, the cathedral—covers the southern half of an island in the Spree; the northern half is devoted to museums. Like the huge ill-formed offspring of a Greek father and a German mother, they stand here—the

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Old Museum, the New Museum, the Deutsches Museum, the National Gallery, and, beyond the Stadtbahn, the Emperor Friedrich Museum of Art. The Old Museum has an Ionic portico, the New Museum a Renaissance staircase, the National Gallery has a Doric colonnade, and the Emperor Friedrich Museum is baroque. And yet these heterogeneous buildings house a group of masterpieces that are regarded with reverence wherever the name of Art is known.

The Pergamon Frieze in the New Museum is worthy of a place beside the Elgin Marbles of London. Originally it decorated an altar on the acropolis of Pergamon in Asia Minor. Never, not even in Athens, did Greek sculpture achieve a tranquillity more subtle and more profound. I remember also with a great deal of pleasure some four or five little heads of the queens of Egypt, that were cut out of ebony and stone thirty-five centuries ago on the banks of the Nile; these, a seated goddess in the Old Museum, and a number of silver chalices and plates.

What an unworthy companion for these two excellent museums of classic sculpture is the National Gallery! Containing only German works of the Nineteenth Century, crowded from floor to ceiling with the weak and pretentious paintings of men who have long since fallen into an oblivion richly deserved, it is (for all Baedeker's double asterisk of commendation) perhaps the worst of the great galleries of Europe. Why must the Germans, whose judgment in matters of ancient art is so unerring, inflict their

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own inferior productions upon a patient world? It was Thomas Mann who observed, very brilliantly, that the artistic genius of the German people is rather linear than architectonic. The drawings of Dürer and Holbein are among the treasures of the world; the sentimental absurdities in the National Gallery are fit for little more than a bonfire. This brings one to the intriguing question of why the Teuton, most brilliant of philosophers, most inspired of musicians, should be such an evident failure in the realm of painting. Is it perhaps *Gemütlichkeit* (that indefinable, sentimental love of life, of beauty, of good-fellowship, that excellent and charming quality which is among the most delightful traits of the German people, but which, when carried to excess, becomes a form of Babbitry), is it perhaps this that plays him false? To a person whose ideal is the mental precision of a Kant, a Hegel, a Leibnitz, the National Gallery is a place infinitely depressing. Nietzsche once said bitterly that there was too much beer in the German intellect; he could have said more truthfully that there is too much beer in German painting.

But let us abandon this diatribe, and walk instead up the Kupfergraben and across a little bridge to the Emperor Friedrich Museum. Here is a gallery worthy of the name, a glorious brother to the Prado and the Uffizi, one of the rarest and most perfectly rounded art collections in the world. Only the absence of a central masterpiece (such as the Mona Lisa, which brings Cook's tourists into the Louvre

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for an hour, such as the Sistine Madonna, which throws a sort of aura over the whole city of Dresden) keeps it from receiving the popular recognition it deserves. A person anxious to study painting as a human achievement, independent of schools and dates and *chefs-d'œuvre*, would do better to come to Berlin than to go to Florence, Amsterdam or Paris. With perhaps a half dozen exceptions, all of the great masters, from Giotto to Velasquez, from Van Eyck to Rembrandt, are worthily represented. Thinking back over the four score rooms of this great museum, I find that there are certain things that I recall with especial enjoyment—the intricacies of green and tarnished gold in a magnificent sixteenth-century mosaic, brought here intact from Ravenna; two little rooms, narrow as corridors, hung with the luminous and lovely works of Giotto, Duccio, Lippo Memmi, Martini, Lorenzetti, Gaddi; a *Young Man* by Giorgione, than which I have never seen a more living creation of Italian art; masterpieces by Crivelli and Fra Angelico, a Sebastiano del Piombo which vastly exceeded my expectations, works of Botticelli, Correggio, Titian, Donatello, which are in every way admirable. Then, in the rooms devoted to the Flemish, Dutch and German schools—a collection of Flemish primitives that ranks with that of Bruges; Holbein's memorable portrait of Jörg Gisze, the justly celebrated *chef d'œuvre* of Germany's greatest painter, finally, a little cabinet of small paintings, two Vermeers of breath-taking beauty, a Pieter de Hooch indescribably charming,

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a tiny masterpiece by Terborgh, a haunting, wistful landscape full of Ruysdael's poetry and grace. This not to mention Rubens, Hals, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez.

The other museums of Berlin (and they are legion) appeal more to the specialist than the average traveler. The lover of mementoes will find much to intrigue him in Schloss Monbijou, which contains, even in this republican era, a Hohenzollern Museum; the scientist, or rather the layman interested in science, will probably want to visit the Oceanographical Museum on Georgen-Strasse, the Ethnographical Museum on Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse, the new Planetarium out near the Zoo. These form, together with the others on the Museum-Island, a group worthy of the capital of Baedeker's country.

And yet one cannot help feeling that the essential spirit of the New Germany should be sought rather in the market-place than in the guide-book. About these museums, for all their excellence, there is something singularly unsatisfying; they belong, like Unter den Linden and the Kaiser's Schloss, to an era that has gone. Berlin is not, never can be (like Florence) a city of a living past; I prefer to think of her as an enormous small town, a friendly, lovable city of simple people who ask very little of life, of brave people, able to forget their dreams, their cardboard castles, and build (already with a certain amount of splendor) on the foundations of a new democracy.

Berlin is the most misunderstood city in the world

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to-day. We in America see her in our mind's eye as a sort of bloody titan straddling the center of Europe, a being not unlike the Mars of the newspaper cartoon, with a short sword and an iron helmet. We imagine her a city of infinite pomp, a place of militarism thinly veiled, a huge metropolis of potential Kaisers. And then we come to Berlin and, under the guidance of Cook and Baedeker, we see exactly what we expected to see. Here are the statues of the Hohenzollerns (what of the revolution?), here is Kaiser Wilhelm-Strasse and the Kronprinzenufer; there is a good deal of talk about Locarno—but here is the Arsenal, and the Schloss still stands, as though the German people awaited the return of an exiled and beloved monarch. Having seen this, the tourist goes. Fortunately there are those of us who remain a little longer; we move away from Friedrich-Strasse and stay for a while in Charlottenburg; we watch the German people at play and at work, and one day we learn by chance that the Berliners have a new name for the Tiergarten—they call this park, so burdened with marble statuary, "the Sea of Marmora," and the Sieges-Allee they call "the Avenue of Dolls." Suddenly a great light dawns. Berlin no longer takes the Hohenzollerns seriously—not even seriously enough to destroy the clutter that they left behind them on their flight to Holland. Berlin, we perceive, is laughing unobtrusively at the emperor's bad taste, cracking sly jokes about his statues, smiling contemptuously at the shop-worn rococo splendor of the imperial city. It is a little dis-

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turbing to find, after having accepted all this at its face value, that one has been so badly taken in, that the Schloss, instead of being ready to receive its royal master, is in reality the best sort of guarantee against the Kaiser's return.

Perhaps no monarch ever represented his people so poorly as did the Kaiser. Somehow he forced us to see all Germany in his image—and he was, in many respects, the complete antithesis of Hans Schmidt, the average German. There was something explosive, a curiously Latin quality about his imagination. One would not have expected of Wilhelm Hohenzollern's subjects, the placid revolution of 1918. He was the "war-lord" of a peace-loving people, the infinitely pretentious ruler of a simple race, the fire-brand that kindled into brief flame the essentially non-combustible Teutonic mind. Had the Kaiser's intellectual equipment been better, had he had behind him a French mob, able to be in a sense sublimated by a great idea, he might, with his Nietzschean theory of the Superman, have been almost another Napoleon. It is indeed fortunate for the world that his dragon teeth fell on such unfertile ground. The French followed the Bourbons with enthusiasm and, when the time came to be rid of them, killed them with gusto. The Kaiser's armies followed him, first, because all Germans have an almost fanatical devotion to the ideal of duty; second, because they have an inbred respect for authority; third, because nothing is stronger in the German heart than the desire for order. It was quite to be

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expected that about the Kaiser's passing there should be no melodrama.

And yet the Kaiser has indubitably passed. This is obvious to any one who will take the trouble to compare the old Berlin with the new. The Kaiser's city is almost painfully rococo—architecturally a potpourri of imitations; in decoration, a flabby outpouring of gilt and tinsel. The post-war buildings of Berlin (for example, the model tenements in Neu-Kölln) are very modern, austere in their simplicity, dignified in their restraint. In modern decoration Germany now leads the world. Particularly striking are the moving-picture theaters—the Gloria Palast, the UFA Palast am Zoo, etc.—on, and in the neighborhood of, Kurfürstendamm. Not even in New York have I seen theaters so superbly appointed, so spacious, so completely in good taste.

The Germans, with the most elaborately embellished capital in the world, have today a horror of the ornate. In spirit they are immeasurably removed from the hyper-Victorianism of two decades ago. They have discovered the inherent beauty of useful things—tools, machines, chairs, tables. They are mad over the simplicity of straight lines. They talk these days less of *Gemütlichkeit* and more of "*die neue Sachlichkeit*"—the new objectivity, the new common-sense. The work of the young German painters is curiously unlike that of their fathers—somewhat better (it could not well be worse), but stark, bare, almost terribly devoid of emotion . . . the pendulum swings back. But these, you say, are

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intellectual things—what of the character of the average man?

Of all the ways in which the Kaiser misrepresented his people to the world, perhaps he did them the most grievous injustice in causing them to be believed cruel. That he himself was cruel I think no one will deny. I quote this little description of the Hohenzollern hunting-parties from the memoirs of Prince Eulenburg, for many years the Kaiser's most intimate friend:

"The shoots were horrible. This massacre of unfortunate creatures, utterly unable to escape from their fate of destruction, is no kingly recreation. Strangely enough, no one at Court has any sort of sense that it adds nothing to the glory of a sovereign to cause these hapless wild creatures to be driven into an immense enclosure, in the center of which the noble sportsmen are posted, pouring their shots upon the panting desperate brutes, as they hurl themselves perpetually against the farthest hedges, and this never stops till all are dead or else dragging mortally wounded on the ground, until at the end of the day they are put out of their agony."

What wonder that we, believing that Wilhelm Hohenzollern, and not Hans Schmidt, was the personification of Germany, should think that the land beyond the Rhine was inhabited by barbarians? But I wish that every one who still adheres to the old "Hun" theory could visit on a Sunday afternoon, as I have, the Berlin Zoo. He would find that almost every animal has a pet name and answers to it; he would see poorly dressed people bringing bags full of food—sugar for the bears, bread for the hippo-

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potamus, left over tid-bits for the monkeys, grain for the birds; he would discover people of all classes and all ages taking a sort of pure childish pleasure in the antics of a seal.

I wish that every one who still believes that the Germans have no hearts could walk in summer-time through any one of Berlin's poorer quarters; he would see five- and six-story apartment houses with every window full of flowers, torrents of geraniums, cascades of petunias, green and pink and purple gardens, tier on tier.

I wish that every one who imagines the Germans to be savages could watch them on their Sunday outings in the Grunewald; he would see that the family, and not the regiment, is the unit of German life.

That Europe, little by little, is being Americanized cannot be doubted; but in no other country is this New World influence so apparent as in the Reich. The Germans look like Americans, act like Americans, think like Americans, and have an almost American enthusiasm for sport. I chanced to be in Berlin when word came that the German athletes, participating in their first Olympic Games since the war, had won second place in the track and field competition; I noticed that practically every newspaper announced this jubilantly on its first page. Nearly a hundred thousand young men and women participated in a great *Turnfest* at Cologne not long ago. In Germany, where athletics formerly meant military drill, plus an occasional duel with the

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Schläger, Dr. Peltzer and the giant Hirschfeld are as much popular heroes as are Jack Dempsey and Babe Ruth in America. Pot-bellies are no longer the fashion in the Reich. Every morning, in the Tiergarten, one can see corpulent men on horseback; they ride very badly, but go round and round the *Hippodrom* with a curious determination.

The moving-picture theaters, especially those of better class, show for the most part American films (this in the land of Emil Jannings and Pola Negri!). Buster Keaton is the Berliner's favorite actor, and in the hundred dance-halls along Kurfürstendamm and around the Zoo one hears excellent American jazz.

If the German people looked less like Americans, perhaps their idiosyncrasies would be less astonishing to the American eye. It gives one something of a start to see, on the avenues of a great city, well-dressed women without a trace of powder on their noses; the use of cosmetics is still regarded by the middle-class German woman as slightly immoral; only the ladies of what some one once called the two *mondes*, the *haute monde* and the *demi-monde*, use rouge and lipstick. Nor can one altogether understand the clipped heads affected by the vast majority of Prussian men—is it, perhaps, that they make a virtue of ugliness? But even stranger than this, and far more comic, is the vest-button hat-rack that one sees in the summer on Berlin streets—a sort of clip attached to the top button of the waistcoat, from which dangles gracefully a derby hat.



The Tiergarten, the largest and most beautiful of Berlin's city parks

Berlin—The Passing of the Old Order

This may sound like ridicule, but it is not intended as such. I have never seen a city that I felt less like ridiculing than Berlin. There is something dreadfully young, dreadfully serious about this capital of the Reich; the people are going about the business of building their new country with an almost reverential air. Democracy is the order of the day. Little by little the old class barriers are being broken down. In a small cheap moving-picture house one night I saw the popular and talented (albeit unfashionable) actress, Henny Porten, in a film that might have been taken from a novel of Horatio Alger—the story of a working-girl who marries the son of a rich family. In the Berlin of to-day, it seems, such things can happen.

One afternoon, when the Reichstag was in session, I walked up the Sieges-Allee, past all the statues of the margraves and the kings, past the "Column of Victory," and the ugly, strangely impressive statue of Bismarck, to the vast building from which Germany is governed. What I saw inside surprised me a little. I had expected a certain amount of pomp and splendor. I found instead that the men who rule Germany are simple people; they look a little seedy, a little provincial. They are very earnest.

Another day, from a window on the Gendarmen-Markt, I watched the Berlin Communists go by in an immense parade. For three-quarters of an hour they streamed up Markgrafen-Strasse, thousands of them, men and women and boys and girls, singing, marching along in a sort of disorderly column. With

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characteristic German thrift, they had waited until their working-day was over before beginning their demonstration. They carried red flags and sang the *Internationale*, but they obeyed the signals of the traffic policemen. They, too, were very much in earnest.

The people that I talked with in Berlin asked me, almost invariably, my impressions. Did I like Germany? Did I like Berlin? I told them the truth—that I should be sorry to leave their home, as indeed I was, that Berlin seemed to me a city of infinite promise and infinite strength, that I too had faith in this new Germany of theirs.

Potsdam

Potsdam might be called a symbol of the Germany that is gone; it is like a ball-room left empty at dawn when the masquerade is over and the guests departed. There is a curious pathos about its grandeur, for weeds grow in what were once the royal gardens and plebeian feet walk over the imperial lawns.

Potsdam was intended by its builders to be a sort of antistrophe to the strophe of Versailles. There was a strange something in the Hohenzollern mind that yearned eternally after the grace of France. Even Frederick the Great, that splendid, simple-hearted old man, who was in a way a synthesis of all the homely Prussian virtues, loved to imagine himself as a German *roi soleil*. Under the great elms of Potsdam he set up little marble statues by French sculptors, and hung the walls of his study in Sans

Berlin—The Passing of the Old Order

Souci with the delicate lords and ladies of Watteau. Beneath the shadow of these he tuned his flute and talked long hours with his bosom friend, Voltaire. Happily, however, Frederick never quite achieved the royal arrogance of his *confrères* at Versailles. He remained to the end intensely human, cultivating fruit on the terraces of his palace, receiving in the kindest manner the crowd of petitioners who came to seek his aid (outside the Stadt Schloss of Potsdam is a historic Linden tree on which they used to climb to attract his attention when he tarried over-long indoors), speaking of himself as "King of Prussia and Possessor of Voltaire," asking to be buried opposite his favorite grayhound, in front of the villa (Sans Souci) that he loved so dearly. "*Quand je serai là,*" he said, "*je serai sans souci.*" Poor man, he never got his wish. His nephew decided it was not fitting that he be buried near a dog; they interred him in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, and he was never *sans souci*.

By all odds the pleasantest way to go to Potsdam (and this is one excursion that all tourists want to take) is to go from the Friedrich-Strasse station by rail to Wannsee and thence on by boat. The old imperial city lies some fifteen miles southwest of Berlin's center and, approaching it in this way, along the wide sunlit waters of the Havel, one sees it at its best. Park after park, with the roofs of palaces over the green of trees, then, on the right low down against the water, the tranquil little city.

On disembarking one comes at once to the first

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and oldest of Potsdam's royal abodes—the historic Stadt Schloss or Town Palace. In front of this is the parade-ground where Frederick the Great's father, Frederick Wilhelm, used to drill incessantly the tall grenadiers that were his pride. They tell strange stories about this picturesque irascible old king, the founder of the Prussian army—how his agents shanghaied tall men in every port of Europe, how he begged them as gifts from fellow-monarchs, how gorgeously he dressed them, how delighted he was with every addition to his corps of giants. One remembers too how he played the stern father to young Frederick, threatening more than once to kill him, hating his flute, detesting his devotion to things French, but leaving him, finally, the best trained army in Europe.

A good mile beyond this Stadt Schloss (better take the tram) is the park of Sans Souci—a vast woodland, criss-crossed with paths, containing, in addition to three palaces, a Chinese pagoda, a Roman bath, a Greek temple, a windmill, a pheasant-house, a set of artificial ruins, a picture-gallery and a temple to Friendship. Out of this strange assortment, this peculiar diadem on Potsdam's brow, only one jewel is real. Of this I have already spoken—Sans Souci. As palaces go, it is a little thing, a long low Italian-looking building which Frederick the Great designed himself. Here, care-worn and battle-weary, many times he came, and walked with his dogs across this very terrace while the fountains played.

In a hotel room in a small provincial German town

Berlin—The Passing of the Old Order

I saw one time an ancient colored print—"Moonlight on Sans Souci." It was a very bad little print and I do not know quite why I remember it. But a grenadier was keeping watch on the terrace (was it the one, I wonder, who went to sleep and awoke to find Frederick in his place); the windows of the palace glowed as though there were music in the concert room, and the moon touched the low rococo walls with the pale color of shells. It is thus that I like to think of the home of Frederick.

The Spreewald

The river Spree might be called an allegory of German life. It is born in the highlands near the Czecho-Slovak border; as a young thing it wanders through the woods and fields of Southern Brandenburg; like a wanton it sleeps under the stars, stretching out its arms as if it wished to embrace forest and pasture, loitering under willow trees, whispering under alders, behaving like a boy that has joined the *Wandervögel*. Grown older and more decorous it comes to the great city, puts away the folly of its youth and dons the drab garments of the business world. No eminently respectable banker in Berlin works harder or preserves in his affairs a greater propriety than does the Spree. From morning until night it carries barges to and fro, shouldering its way under bridges, drawing a gray serpentine line across the gray bosom of Berlin. At length it runs off to its death in Spandau.

Few parts of Germany, however, are so charming

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as this home of the youthful Spree—the Spreewald. A sort of Venice in Arcady, a sort of bosky Volendam, a wide region of woods, canals, and gaily-dressed, amphibious people.

The wise traveler leaves Berlin from the Görlitzer station on a Saturday afternoon; he changes trains at Lübben, and arrives, a little before dusk, at the village of Burg. Early the next morning the Spreewald puts on its holiday attire. A curious Slavic tribe inhabits this marshy district. These Wends, as they are called, have preserved here in the center of Prussia their special costumes and their special language. On Sunday, in all the picturesque color of their finery, they come to church at Burg. Few quainter things can be seen in Europe.

After this *Kirche-gang* is over, one hires an aqueous taxi (a man with a skiff and a long pole) and sets out for Leipe. It is a sylvan journey of unending delight—trees that cover the water with a vault of green, gay little houses, the flash of brilliant costumes as other boats go by. And then one comes to Leipe. This extraordinary town is accessible only by water; on all sides of it wind and turn the hundred arms of the Spree. Very pleasant is the tranquillity of Leipe; the rustic charm of this ancient watery village has a curiously idyllic quality. The trees bend softly to the water and the sunlight shines softly on the roofs. It is reluctantly that one embarks again for Lübbenau, the railway and the world.

Chapter III

ALONG THE NORTH

NORTHEASTERN Germany, that gently sloping region which lies between Berlin and the Baltic, between Hamburg and the Polish Corridor, remains, even in this day of wholesale travel, one of the unexplored parts of Europe. There is a tendency among American tourists to ask, a little skeptically, (as Nathanael asked of Nazareth), "can any good come out of Prussia?" And so, for every traveler that visits Lübeck, a hundred see Nuremberg; for every one that comes either by design or chance, to Wismar, a thousand follow the old trail to Heidelberg and Frankfurt. I must admit that formerly I shared this prejudice against all things Prussian; it was with something not unlike misgiving that I started north from Berlin one beautiful morning last July. For never, in my wildest dreams, had I hoped to find a country so picturesque, so charming, so utterly unspoiled as the one I entered at Neu-Brandenburg and left at Bremen. This chapter is, in a sense, a chronicle of that excursion; I am including it here in the hope that it may induce others to follow my footsteps.

Neu-Brandenburg

I went to Neu-Brandenburg to find out if, after all, there lurked between the red covers of my Baedeker,

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some trace of a heart. For the indefatigable cicerone has written, about this little walled village of Eastern Mecklenburg (this wholly delightful little village, which possesses no rococo castle, no belvedere, and no casino), three or four surprisingly human and rather eloquent lines. Was it, I wonder, the sight of the cascade of geraniums that falls from the upper windows of the town hall, or the little tree which has taken root between the bricks of the church and which flames to-day like a green torch against the yellow tracery of the old tower, that awakened, in the breast of this compiler of data, these unnatural emotions? Did Baedeker, for a little while, remember his lost youth?

The wall that runs round Neu-Brandenburg is of crumbling brick and rubble, broken at intervals with high towered gateways. In every chink and cranny of this ancient barricade, wild-flowers have sprouted; they give, to the narrow Ring-Strasse that curves along inside the wall, a curiously holiday appearance. The gateways are complicated and exceedingly impressive; seen from a distance, down one of the long straight streets of the little town, they have a vast, almost Egyptian simplicity of line.

I had not thought to find, in the North of Europe, so colorful a village; the houses are of pale, outlandish shades; there are flowers everywhere. Beyond the Treptower Tor the flat green countryside stretches away westward, and a shady path follows a stream down to the shore of a great green-fringed and shallow lake. Here, in the evening, one sees

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lovers . . . big, awkward country fellows with their girls. About their shyness, about the rough coquetry of their affection, is something almost animal, an elemental quality that makes them seem one with these trees, this grass, these birds, this water. So complete and perfect is this Arcadian illusion, one would almost think that Housman, and not Fritz Reuter, was the poet of Neu-Brandenburg . . . one would almost think that this was Shropshire, and that a wise young voice was saying, under these trees—

“Get you the sons your fathers got
And God will save the queen.”

Stralsund

Carnival had come to the gay little city of Stralsund; the blue and white flags of this old Hansa town were in every window; the streets were all decked with the green of branches; there were crowds in the squares. For three hundred years had gone by since the great siege—three hundred years since Wallenstein, marching northward with his Catholic army, had sworn to take Stralsund “though it were chained to heaven.” History records that he lost twelve thousand men and made no breach in the walls.

During more than a century and a half thereafter, Stralsund belonged to Sweden, and even to-day there is something strangely un-German, strangely Scandinavian, about the swift vigor of its so-joyous charm. I was aware of this charm the moment I

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stepped out of the railway station. A venerable trolley tempted me, and I took it; never have I ridden in a contraption so wonderful and so absurd. Balanced, after a fashion, on four little wheels, it lurched drunkenly around sharp corners, teetered with the weight of every passenger, moaned, groaned and wheezed its way through the town, while the motor-man brandished a huge dinner-bell. Presently we arrived at the Alter Markt. This, the center of Stralsund's life and gossip, is one most beautiful square. To the south lies the ancient Rathaus, an exquisite, fourteenth-century affair of glazed brick and soaring turrets; beside it, the twin towers of the Nikolai-Kirche against the sky; across the way a fine old residence (this too of brick) that dates from the time when Stralsund was a power in the Baltic and the Hanseatic League ruled the whole North.

There are many such houses in Stralsund; many little corners, too, that are shaded and silent, touched with the slow poetry of a gentle past. It was more by good luck than anything else that I found the loveliest of these—the small green Johannis-Kloster, hidden from the world behind its wall. Baedeker tells us that it possesses "some features of interest"; I should say, instead, that it has a rare tranquil magic, a magic that is, in a modest way, akin to that of Carcassonne and Heidelberg and Pisa. Two little courtyards, one behind the other; great elms, covering these courtyards with a canopy of verdure; a long low E-shaped building, divided off into houses, bright-colored little houses with blue shutters and

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wide doorways. And should I ever come back on earth as a Pomeranian, I hope that I may have the good fortune to be born, to live, to die in this Johannis-Kloster.

Late in the afternoon before I left Stralsund, I climbed to the summit of the Marien-Kirche's great rugged tower. From here the whole city seemed a triangular island of russet houses, ringed round with the silver of lakes, shut off from the green sunlit mass of Rügen by an arm of the Baltic (O unfriendly sea!). I thought, a little sadly, of the charm of Rügen, this largest of Germany's islands, with its rolling wooded hills and its chalk cliffs (strangely like England, but more beautiful)—Sassnitz and the Königstuhl under an August sun. Very far away it seems as I write these lines, here in America with the snow outside my window—very far away, and very alluring.

Rostock

Rostock is built upon a little hill and the gray water of the Unter-Warnow looks up at you perpetually through the streets. The country outside the town is flat and greenly fertile, with something of the melancholy charm of a Dutch landscape; the Unter-Warnow, curving off northward to the Baltic, seems totally unrelated to the sea, and Rostock has, to a certain extent, the easy matter-of-factness of an inland city.

Rostock alone, of all these Baltic ports, appears to possess a thin overlay of artificiality. Just as her

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town hall (which must originally have been as lovely as that of Stralsund) has been completely spoiled with a baroque façade, so Rostock as a whole has suffered through the pretentious self-assurance of her burghers. To begin with, democracy should be the gospel of a Hansa town; and the true architectural medium of democracy is brick. With few exceptions, the fine buildings of Northern Germany are built exclusively of this one material. But the Institute of Rostock, for example, which attempts to be imposing, succeeds instead in being merely funny—an absurd Parthenon of a building, ochre-color from pediment to roof, that looks as though it had been left out in some disastrous yellow rain. A half dozen such monstrosities give to this chief city of the province of Mecklenburg a rather tawdry appearance. And yet there are beautiful things that remain—a score of medieval houses, dotted here and there along the streets, a superb towered gateway (the Kröpeliner Torturm), a bit of wall, now overgrown with flowers and ivy, a trio of churches, quaint, built out of brick, with lofty steeples and great shady churchyards.

Wismar

We entered Wismar one afternoon as the rain was falling. It was a strange, gentle little rain, that fell in long silver lines out of a round gray umbrella of cloud, and the sky down against the horizon was palely, ridiculously blue, like the eyes of a doll. We took refuge in the Ratskeller, but before we had fin-

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ished our wine the summer sunlight had broken through the clouds. A moment longer the rain beat a furious staccato on the square outside the window; suddenly there was a hush; the puddles became blue, like small pools of sky, and the rain was over.

Wismar, after the shower, proved to be a gracious, sweet-smelling little town, with something of the old-world loveliness of Hoorn, in Holland—utterly without glamor, but how charming!

What is it, I wonder, that makes these small dead cities of the Northern seas so different from the forgotten ports that fringe the Mediterranean seaboard? I could not help thinking, here in Wismar, of a certain little island town I know, where fishermen sleep in the sunshine beside the blue rim of the sea, an orderly little town, with flat, bright-colored houses, that look as though they were made out of painted cardboard, a strangely dramatic little town, that ends in a wall, and the harsh dusty green of perennial foliage outside its gateways. Here, on this Northern shore, the harmonies are more subtle and more somber; the sun is a wan fellow of many moods that brings to these cities along the Baltic the faint wistfulness of a perpetual September. And yet how green the grass is! And how beautiful the green disorder of these Northern trees—the lush tracery of verdure against the red of brick—the ominous gun-metal of the sea, which, here in Wismar, is only a narrow curved channel that runs off northward.

Rarely have I seen a small town with more exquisite buildings—three vast churches of the mel-

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lowest brick, with trees around them; a rather lovely old courthouse (out of place but none the less attractive) in the chiseled style of the Italian Renaissance; a score of fine fifteenth-century houses, and the Alte Schule. By what miracle has this Alte Schule remained so long neglected and unsung? There is, I am willing to affirm, scarcely a more perfect building in the North of Europe. For all its narrow unpretentiousness, for all the humility of its brick, there is a daintiness about it, a slender, graceful poise not unlike that of the town halls of Belgium.

Envy the archdeacon of Wismar! He lives in a house only a little less charming than the Alte Schule. Envy me! For I had dinner in a fifteenth-century restaurant and spent the night in a fourteenth-century hotel.

It was a little before dusk when we came, by devious windings and turnings, to the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Ghost. An iron gateway shut it off from the street, but we looked through the bars, and saw something very like the Kloster of Stralsund. Never, I think, have I felt a tranquillity so perfect and so profound. There was an old man smoking a pipe in a little arm-chair, a pear-tree that reached down as if to confer a benediction on the grass, brick walls, and over the house-tops the high tower of the Marien-Kirche and the green of trees.

The night had already fallen when we walked up Lübsche-Strasse; there was almost no one about, and the high white houses, tipped a little forward, seemed unreal and somnolent and strange. Wismar, in the

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darkness, took on a mystery foreign to herself, and Lübsche-Strasse seemed a street of ghosts.

Lübeck

The railway, as it approaches Lübeck from the east, swings in a long arc around the outskirts of the town, and the traveler can see successively, against the western, the northern, the northeastern sky, the seven great steeples of this old Hansa city. They tower with certain arrogance above the red cluster of roofs, as if they wished to remind you that Lübeck was once the "queen of the Baltic," a maker of kings in the Scandinavian countries, a proud patrician city of almost fabulous wealth.

From the Twelfth Century on through until the Sixteenth, Lübeck was, in a sense, the Venice of the North—and I mean by this not a city of canals, but a city of vast international commerce. As leader of the Hanseatic League, she enjoyed the coöperation and support of almost a hundred cities; her name was known in every port from Novgorod to Lisbon; her burgomasters, as the admirals of the Hansa fleet, made war on England, Denmark, Sweden. This Hanseatic League (which held, for the most part, its meetings in Lübeck, and of which the records are still preserved in the Marien-Kirche) was one of the most curious, one of the most remarkable organizations that the Middle Ages produced. Its members included some four or five score cities (the number was never exactly determined), that stretched from Cracow on the Vistula to Dinant on the Meuse;

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these, having nothing more in common than the desire for freedom and the need for trade, were somehow able to work together during four centuries without jealousy and without discord. Presenting at all times a solid front to their common enemies, acting as one in all matters that concerned their commerce, and retaining meanwhile their separate sovereignty, these heterogeneous Hansa towns succeeded in maintaining what was almost a trade monopoly on the North Sea and the Baltic. And naturally to Lübeck, the heart, the virtual capital of the League, there flowed a great share of the prosperity which resulted.

Two of the loveliest relics of Lübeck's old glory await one on the very edge of the town; first of all, the massive Holsten-Tor, most beautiful and most impressive of Germany's gateways, with its high towers and the superb symmetry of its brick façade; then, on beyond, rising sheer from the muddy waters of the Trave, a group of picturesque, sixteenth-century "salt-houses," in which was stored the salt that awaited shipment to the far fishing villages of the Norwegian coast. These form, as it were, a sort of delicious *hors d'œuvre* to the rich and satisfying architectural banquet that is Lübeck to-day.

On, a stone's throw up the hill, to the market-place. How inadequate are words to describe the charm of this venerable square, this gay little square with its lime-trees so orderly and precise! Around it the Rathaus bends like some vivid and gorgeous toy, with small pinnacles reaching up into the pale blue



Lübeck—the lake and the cathedral

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sky, and the sunlight falling softly on the glazed brick of its walls. Never, I think, have I seen a building so gracious, and at the same time so piquant and fresh; every façade is a new joy, and the Renaissance additions in gray stone give it just that touch of contrast that it needs. I am sorry to say, however, that the near-by Marien-Kirche cannot, despite its fame, arouse in me a like enthusiasm. I found it a little lean and a little hungry, somber and bare of decoration, pale and colorless for all its grandeur. Unfortunately, I was there during a service, and was unable to examine as carefully as I should have liked the splendid carved stalls of Lübeck's old patrician families; but I could not help thinking, as the words of the service almost failed to carry down the nave, how poorly German, as compared with Latin, fills a great vaulted room like this.

The cathedral, down at the south end of the city, is considerably more winning; great trees give to its exterior a tranquillity that the Marien-Kirche lacks, and, in a side chapel behind a grill, is an exquisite artistic treasure—a large folding triptych by Hans Memling of Bruges. Memling was supremely the poet and the mystic; in this, as in all his paintings, there is a profoundly delicate, a rare and spiritual beauty.

But it is not in her churches that Lübeck's glory lies; rather in the ancient brick houses that line her busy streets, in her unnumbered courtyards and alley-ways—those "*Gänge*" and "*Höfe*" which have retained so much of their archaic charm, in the gen-

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eral air of a contented and cheerful old age. A certain number of Lübeck's fine patrician houses must be singled out for especial notice—the Buddenbrook House, scene of the well-known novel by one of Germany's most distinguished modern authors, Thomas Mann; the Schabbelhaus, on Meng-Strasse, which is now a restaurant; the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, or home of the Sailors' Guild. This, like the Schabbelhaus, has been transformed into a restaurant; but it is still a place of low ceilings, of dark oak beams, of ship-models, and carved benches where the returned seamen of Lübeck once took their ease. Lübeck too had her *pecheurs d'Islande*, and here, cut deep into the grain of the oak, are the arms of the Hansa settlement of Bergen—the codfish tail with its crown of gold—and here are the three herrings of Schonen.

Just across the Geibel-Platz is an institution even more delightful, the Heiligen-Geist-Hospital, or Holy-Ghost Almshouse. Built six hundred and fifty years ago, it is now quite appropriately a home for the aged. The porter, himself an inmate, guided me through it and explained, for the sum of fifty pfennigs, the rules and regulations that govern the business of growing old in Lübeck. To enter this home (which is very far from being a poor-house) a person must have sixty years to his credit, and must have saved, or be able to borrow from his relatives, a total of eighty marks (pitiful figure!). It houses at this time one hundred and fifty-eight old men and women (Anna Schmidt, the porter told me, had been there for thirty-two years). They live in a series of

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wooden cubicles—little square boxes, one for every person—ranged in rows along the floor of a great Gothic hall. Over the doorway of each one of these is inscribed the name and age of its inhabitant; I saw two that had been recently painted out—the generations of man are indeed like the leaves of the forest. The kitchen of the old almshouse is enormous, for every one cooks his own meals and eats when and as he chooses. When I was there, the women were sitting around in the garden, knitting, chatting; a score of old men had gathered in what was once a chapel, a vaulted room still hung with images of the saints; they were lounging with their caps on, smoking, telling stories. Surely, I thought, there is no irreverence in this. For surely the blue smoke from the well-filled pipes of these contented and fragrant sinners is like incense in the nostrils of the gods, and the rise and fall of old voices, recounting incidents out of a far youth, is as pleasing to the powers that preside over earth and heaven as the sonorous Latin of a mass.

Hamburg

Hamburg and Bremen are the eyes through which Germany looks at the world; they are, with Rotterdam, the mouths of Central Europe, the outlets through which a thousand mills pour forth their products on the markets of two hemispheres. And, as is quite to be expected from two ports that lie within seventy-five miles of one another, they are the bitterest of rivals—each with its navigable river to

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the sea, each with its trans-Atlantic steamship line, each with an enthusiastic Chamber of Commerce to plead its cause. And though Bremen is unquestionably the more engaging of the two cities, it is to Hamburg that the greater share of the world's commerce flows.

Of all the metropolises of modern Germany, not one, not Leipzig, not Berlin itself, has such a truly international aspect as this vast and busy port upon the Elbe. Its bustling prosperity is that of a New World city; its residential quarters are spacious and well-built and very modern; English is spoken in almost every shop. Yet I must confess that I found Hamburg far from intriguing; on the other hand, I was not trying to establish a factory, or steer a 20,000-ton liner into a safe port. A person with either one of these jobs before him would probably relish Hamburg; I did not.

There are only three things which, to some extent, redeemed this city in my eyes. First, that pair of fresh little lakes—the Binnen-Alster and the Aussen-Alster—which give such a sprightly air to the avenues that fringe their shores; second, one or two rooms of good French paintings (Renoir and Cézanne and Degas and Manet) in the Kunsthalle, or Art Museum; last, but not least, Karl Hagenbeck's famous zoo.

I had the good fortune to visit this incomparable menagerie on a Sunday afternoon; there were crowds around the cages, and it was almost impossible to find a seat in the vast beer-garden, for the hoi polloi

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of Hamburg had turned out in mass. And, to me at least, this was by far the most interesting of the exhibits—*homo Hamburgiensis*, the Hamburg man. Father and mother and children around the tables, talking and drinking under the shade of trees, feeding the elephants, laughing at the kangaroos, noisily joyous about the pool in which the penguins dived. Here, as in all German zoos, one feels the presence of an invisible and fraternal bond that unites, somehow, the people with the animals—a mutual friendliness, a mutual respect, that makes the cages seem a little less cruel and the bars a little less forbidding.

Just outside the limits of Hamburg is the adjoining city of Altona—a sort of Hamburg's Brooklyn. Its inhabitants aver that the word "Altona" is merely a corruption of "*all zu nahe*" or "all too near" (to Hamburg). And, while I hold no brief for Altona, which is one of the least interesting places in the world, I am inclined to agree with them.

Bremen

It is only the Weser that ties Bremen to the world; this prosaic little ribbon of gray water that whispers down toward Bremerhaven, stealing to join the sea, brings back to its city a mysterious aroma of far-off countries, a strange restlessness, a disorder, a suggestion of something distant and romantic and splendid. People are always leaving Bremen. One day the streets are full and the hotels are crowded; then a boat sails from Bremerhaven, and the next day the streets are empty again.

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It is only the North German Lloyd that makes Bremen a city of to-day. One feels that, were this great steamship line suddenly to change its base, Bremen would become, almost over-night, another Lübeck, another Wismar. There is about her that quality of age, a certain provinciality, a certain charm, which would make it very easy for her to assume the slow tranquillity of these Baltic towns. But the great ships still come home to Bremerhaven, and the tower of the Lloyd's vast office building is still a landmark in Bremen's sky.

Comparatively few things in Bremen have survived the slow march of the years. But so pleasant are the gardens that surround the inner town, so colorful is the little market which, on Saturday mornings, transforms Bremen into a sort of harlequin (I remember particularly the stone Roland that stands in front of the Rathaus looking down over a great pile of cherries; masses of flowers around the Liebfrauen-Kirche; a busy chatter in the streets) that one scarcely notices the absence of old buildings. By far the loveliest of the things that do remain is the venerable Rathaus, smiling serenely behind its Renaissance façade. The architecture of Bremen is much more sophisticated than that of Lübeck, cooler, more restrained, less joyous. There is a profound repose about this seventeenth-century town hall, with its fine arcade and its oriel window, its great council hall and its famous Ratskeller. This last boasts among its wines some of the oldest vintages in Europe. Connoisseurs, however, will

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find, I think, that most of these (the Rüdesheim 1653, for example) are more valuable as antiques than as wines.

The other attractions of Bremen are not numerous. A weigh-house dated 1587; the Essig-haus, on Langenstrasse, very like the Schabbelhaus of Lübeck; Böttcher-Strasse, a narrow alley-way which connects the market with the quay, and which forms one of the most modern, one of the most interesting architectural units in Germany to-day; the Kunsthalle, or art museum.

I had scarcely expected to find, in this ancient and commercial city, a collection of fine modern art. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that I discovered that Bremen's Kunsthalle possesses two hundred and seventy specimens of the work of that very great French modern, Toulouse-Lautrec, that its group of French impressionists is one of the best hung and most representative in Europe, that its rooms of German painting have been edited with extreme care.

Chapter IV

TOWNS OF THE GREAT CENTER

OUT of the innumerable towns that lie between Berlin and the Rhine, scattered at random over the Reich's green heart, I have selected eight for especial mention in this chapter. In so doing I have left out a good many that I should have liked to include. Eisenach, castled city of the Thuringian Hills, picturesque little Quedlinburg, nestling in the Harz, the fine old university town of Jena, Naumburg, noted for its Gothic carvings, Helmstedt, Hanover, Osnabrück, Münster-in-Westphalia—these, the rejected, would grace any book on Germany, and may well become the chief cornerstone of any traveler's German tour.

The eight that I have chosen are, though closely grouped, exceedingly varied. They lie, all of them, either on or between the railway lines from Berlin to Frankfurt and Berlin to Cologne. Despite the fact that they are thus accessible, and at the same time eminently worth seeing, they have received little recognition from American travelers. And yet no city in the North of Europe has affected more profoundly the history of the world than Wittenberg; Weimar is the German Stratford, Hildesheim the German Avignon; the legend of Hamelin is known in

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every land. But why go on? Here they are as I have seen them—eight towns of the great center.

Wittenberg—Home of Luther

Seven Greek cities laid claim to Homer, and it is not surprising that at least as many German towns feel that they had some share in the production of that strange, that courageous, that altogether remarkable individual that was Martin Luther. There is Möhra, ancestral home of the Luther family, set down in a particularly unattractive corner of the Thuringian Hills; Eisleben, where "Brother Augustine" himself was born, has erected a very bad bronze statue of its most famous son; Eisenach, where he went to school and where, years later, he translated the Bible, has preserved a "Luther-house" and, in the Wartburg, the very desk at which the great reformer worked; Erfurt has celebrated, with a series of execrable frescoes in its Rathaus, the seven hard years that Luther spent in its university and its cloister. Augsburg still remembers its Confession, Leipzig its Disputation, Marburg its Colloquy, and Worms its Diet. But it is in Wittenberg, this poor, flat, desolate little town by the Elbe, which Luther in his lifetime regarded as "on the borders of civilization," that we can envisage most clearly the stocky, stalwart, indefatigable figure of Luther, the man.

Perhaps the most memorable of all the descriptions of Luther that have come down to us, is that of his bitterest foe—the Italian cardinal, Cajetan,

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who tried so hard to humiliate him at Augsburg. "I will talk no more with that beast," said the papal envoy, when asked by Luther's friends for another audience, "for he has deep eyes and wonderful speculations in his head." And yet, if we can credit the familiar portrait, painted by Cranach, his contemporary and friend, Luther looked anything but a beast. He stands in bronze in the main square of Wittenberg, a round, ugly little man, with wide-set serious eyes, and a certain fearless power about the broad thrust of his shoulders. "I am a peasant's son," he said, when there were those of the nobility who would have claimed him, and if we compare his statue here in Wittenberg with that of Melanchthon (slender, gaunt, aristocratic), it is not difficult to see the peasant in his face.

It was in 1508 that Martin Luther, then twenty-five, came to Wittenberg as a teacher of dialectics from the Augustinian cloister of Erfurt. The subject was little to his liking, and he was transferred very soon to the department of theology. Three years later he went on a mission to Rome, and how steadfast was his Catholicism at that time, we can judge from his own words. "I was like a mad saint in Rome. I ran through all the churches and believed everything that is lied there. I have said many masses at Rome, and while there was heartily sorry that my mother and father were yet living, so willingly would I have released them from purgatory by my masses and other excellent works and prayers."

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But six more years had come and gone; much water had run under many bridges, Luther had become a professor of some note and was preaching with ever-increasing eloquence, in the Stadt-Kirche of Wittenberg, when, on one momentous morning in October, 1517, he nailed on the doors of the other church, the Schloss-Kirche, or Castle Church, his famous XCV Theses.

The wooden doors upon which Luther hung what proved to be the elementary credo of the Reformation, perished during the Austrian bombardment of 1760. They have been replaced by a pair of great bronze portals, upon which are inscribed in the original Latin, these Ninety-five Theses that Luther gave to an astonished world. It required no little courage (Luther, the peasant's son, never lacked for courage) to post up on the doors of the Castle Church these vehement and brilliant denunciations of ecclesiastical corruption; for there were treasured, inside that church, five thousand and five sacred relics which, if properly worshiped, were supposed to assure 1371 years of the very indulgence which Luther took as the fulcrum of his protests.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss at any length the dramatic events that ensued—the sudden fame of the young Wittenberg professor, the conference at Augsburg, the great debate at Leipzig, the papal bull that Luther burned on the outskirts of the town (an oak tree and a bronze tablet mark the spot to-day), the swift translation, which has remained for four centuries one of the classics of Ger-

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man prose, of the New Testament, and then the Old. For, after all, we come to Wittenberg, not to study the history of the Reformation, but to find the man.

It is not easy to recapture the spirit of Luther, even in this silent little town which was, for thirty-eight years, his home. He is buried, beside his lifelong friend, Melanchthon, under a bronze slab in the Castle Church. The house in which he lived both before and after his marriage has been transformed into a small museum. Here, as in Brunswick, Eisenach, and elsewhere, there is a plethora of unimportant objects—medallions, manuscripts, pieces of furniture, related somehow to the life of the great reformer—little things, impotent to conjure for us out of the past the simple, friendly, altogether lovable figure of the real Luther. It is too bad that, instead, they have not kept the bowling-alley in his garden. . . .

And where is the great lunch-basket that he used to carry on those joyous picnic expeditions into the green fields that lie round Wittenberg? What have they done with that little proclamation that he drew up, one time, to amuse his children—"Complaint of the birds to Martin Luther . . ."? The sunlight of 1545 has faded, it is true, the man long since has been martyr to the prophet—we have forgotten that he was, in his old age, one of the fondest of fathers.

It would be difficult to find, in the busy prosperous Germany of to-day, a town so drab, so forlorn, so nondescript, so pitifully destitute of charm, as is

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Wittenberg, the home of Luther. Everywhere poverty, the bare disorder of neglected gardens—and the green meadows that run down to the muddy river are unkempt, uncared-for. Here is none of that archaic loveliness, the mellow beauty of a great past which so delights the traveler in Hildesheim; here there are no mountain walls like those of Goslar; not even the small bustle of a country village. Around the tower of the Castle Church there is a great clamor of rooks . . . one thinks of England.

There are bronze tablets everywhere in this prosaic-looking little town—here Luther burned the papal bull; here Cranach lived; here lies Melancthon. And high above the green of tree-tops, against the slow, white, drifting clouds, circling the tower of the Castle Church in letters as tall as a man, are written the opening words of what Heine called “The Marseillaise of the Reformation”—*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*. Wittenberg, which Luther lived in, and knew and finally came to love, is no longer a “firm fortress.” But the walls of Luther’s fortress run round the world.

Weimar—and the Golden Age of German Letters

Weimar is, in a sense, the German Florence. Like Lorenzo de’ Medici, called the Magnificent, Duke Charles August of Weimar gathered about himself the wit, the genius of his country and his day. Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder—these are great names.

Weimar stands, in the Germany of to-day, for a

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variety of things—most of all, perhaps, for the bright flame of the creative mind (the home of Goethe could not well be otherwise); second, for friendship—it was here that those incomparable friends, Goethe and Schiller, lived, worked and died; third, for a culture which had no contemporaneous equal outside of France; fourth, for democracy—here, in 1919, was written the new constitution of the German Reich.

To an altogether unusual degree, Weimar possesses the tranquil, easy charm, the shady geniality that one finds occasionally in old German towns. It is a city of apparent prosperity, a city of leisure and taste; rarely have I seen more beautiful trees, more colorful gardens, more delightful houses. Little wonder that Goethe preferred this to bourgeois and commercial Frankfurt.

Goethe came to Weimar in 1776 at the invitation of the duke. For more than a half century this city was his home, and the young duke his companion, his patron and his friend. In Weimar he was treated like a king—he sat in the privy council, attended court in any costume that he chose; he was given two houses—a spacious town residence and a country cottage; and when he died he was buried (as was also Schiller) in the “Princes’ vault” of the Weimar cemetery.

Lord Haldane makes the point, in his excellent conclusion to Hume Brown’s unfinished biography of Goethe, that about no other great man in history do we possess ampler information than about the

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great poet of Weimar. Tome upon tome of his letters have been preserved, his diary, his most intimate journals, the comments of his friends. Since that cold March afternoon in 1832 when he died, little has changed in Weimar. Another generation of trees has risen around Goethe's "Garden-House" to take the place of the ones he knew; another theater now stands on the site of the one in which he directed the production of his own, and Schiller's plays; his friends have joined him in the cemetery. But the spirit of the old Weimar lives on.

Standing before the charming little house that was Schiller's home, we remember that Goethe and Schiller said good-by for the last time in this doorway. Goethe for some months had been dangerously ill and troubled by a feeling that he and Schiller were shortly to be separated. So insistent was this premonition that one day, when he had recovered slightly, he went to Schiller's home. His friend he found on the point of going to the theater; they talked for a few moments and parted at the door. Eight days later Schiller was dead.

Of the houses of the two poets, Goethe's is by far the larger and more impressive. It stands on the Frauenplan, a block from the home of Frau von Stein (who was, through a dozen years, the poet's Egeria), a stone's throw from the ducal park, a few hundred yards from the Schloss which Goethe helped to design. Its interior is that of a gracious eighteenth-century home; one finds it, perhaps, a little formal, with something of the cool dignity which

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characterized its master in his later years. Far more winning is the small "Garden-House" in which Goethe lived during his first years in Weimar. This lies in the center of the great park, beyond the narrow, winding stream of the Ilm—a simple, low-eaved cottage with a garden.

One likes to think of Weimar as it must have been during its golden years—at the première, let us say, of Schiller's *William Tell*. The theater all a-sparkle with the most brilliant and most keenly critical audience of the Germany of that day; Goethe, the director, in his armchair in the center of the first row; Schiller standing beside the ducal box; a score of lesser literary lights scattered about through the house.

The lover of mementoes should find much to engage him in Weimar for, in addition to Goethe and Schiller, a number of Germany's greatest men have, from time to time, made this city their home—Herder, Wieland, Liszt, Nietzsche, and others. In passing, it is interesting to notice that Christiane Vulpius, who was for so many years Goethe's mistress, the mother of his son and finally his wife, is buried in what is called the Alten Kirchof, nearly a mile from her distinguished husband. Poor woman, not even in death did she approach the man she loved!

Goethe and Schiller stand in bronze before the new theater of Weimar. Their hands are joined. One sees engravings of them in every shop at Weimar—always together. Goethe, his features chiseled into repose by the colossal dignity of his mind;

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Schiller, a sort of ungainly Shelley, with something mysterious and rapt about his face, as though he were listening always to celestial music.

Cassel—and the Glory of Rembrandt

One learns at length not to expect the dramatic of German cities. Something there is about the very countryside of Central Europe which precludes the possibility of that austere and barren beauty that gives the Spanish, the Sicilian, the Algerian landscape its peculiar charm. Here there is no conflict between the valleys and the hills; the gardens of the city run off into the gardens of the country, and the familiar aroma of cultivated fields blows through the city streets. Imperceptibly one thing merges into another—the order of the town into the no less singular order of the farm, the greenness of the field into the verdure of the wood, the beauty of forest into the beauty of river valley. It is quite certain and quite understandable that the Roman legionaries, bred under a warm yet pitiless Italian sun, found this North German country a little monotonous and a little terrifying; it is no less understandable that the Germans should feel the same way about the Roman campagna. The two things are very different and an eye accustomed to the one could scarcely be expected to see beauty in the other. And yet, could a member of some Umbrian cohort have stood here, on the Schöne Aussicht of Cassel, he would have found not a little to remind him of his native Perugia. There is, on a smaller scale, the

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same wide outlook, the same tree-tops beneath the rim of the parapet, the same steep slope that runs down to the river, the same horizon cut with the outline of far hills.

Very beautiful, very gracious, very livable and secure is this hill-top city of Cassel; a man might spend a very pleasant lifetime behind the flowered window-boxes of one of these low charming little houses. But what brings us here is not the spaciousness of the streets, not the wide expanse of the Friedrichs-Platz nor the famous gardens of the palace of Wilhelmshöhe on the outskirts of the town; rather a small classic building that looks over the rim of that same Schöne Aussicht—the picture-gallery of the Landgraves of Hesse.

No small city in Europe has a museum at all comparable to this one; few collections in Europe are so finely arranged or so superbly hung. The masters of painting, above all the Dutch masters, are at their best. Terborgh's *Lute-Player* is a delicate little poem in a French mood; Ruysdael's *Waterfall* might have been culled from Tempe in the days of Theocritus and of Pan. But even these supreme men seem pale lying, as they do here at Cassel, under the golden shadow of Rembrandt. Twenty-one works of the great master hang in the central room of the museum. Here, as everywhere, Rembrandt is uneven—facile and full of bravura as a young man, wise and infinitely humble in his maturity. But no place, not even in Amsterdam, has he painted a portrait so luminous, so poignant, so mysteriously full

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of that elusive inner life, so touched with the profound poetry of the human soul (which he alone of the great pictorial masters could sense and express) as his portrait of Nicholas Bruyningh in the main room of this little museum at Cassel. And rarely if ever did he rise to a higher pitch of dramatic power than in the *Blessing of Jacob* which hangs upon the same wall.

Two pictures only by another artist have had the temerity to invade this room, two portraits of Rembrandt's parents by that meticulous and perfect craftsman, Dou. A little old man and a little old woman, very unimportant behind the lustrous finish of these miniatures, something akin to wonder in their eyes, as if they could never altogether understand the supreme miracle of their lives—that they of all people had been chosen, that they had harbored a god.

Hamelin—City of the Pied Piper

No one could fail to be delighted with Hamelin. Even if it were not for the legend of the Pied Piper (and perhaps no other bit of folk-lore has retained through the centuries so much of its original and poignant charm) this little old-world village with its quiet streets and its quiet river would still possess its friendly, unpretentious beauty.

The rats in Hamelin Town to-day are almost as numerous as when the Piper came; they are of gingerbread, but the children are real. Perhaps that other version of the story—in which the cold heart

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of Hamelin softened and the mysterious harlequin brought back the youngsters through the great rift in the side of Koppelberg Hill—is the true one. At any rate it is thus that the people of Hamelin tell the tale; they have set up a fountain to the Piper in the children's playground; they have named him the "rat-catcher," and the finest house in the town is "the rat-catcher's house."

I explored Hamelin from end to end and loved it—the flower-hung Wenden-Strasse with its ancient buildings, the long yellow house on Langenwall that sleeps so peacefully under its trees, the wide view from the wooded top of the hill across the river. From here, on a sunny afternoon, the town of Hamelin is a checkerboard—the red of roofs broken with the green of trees—like the pied clothes of Hamelin's piper, and the fertile valley of the Weser is gold with ripening grain. Beyond the river and beyond the town the hills roll off eastward, capped, each one of them, with a small parcel of forest, and over Hamelin moves the silent procession of the clouds.

Loitering along Oster-Strasse a little before dusk I heard, far off at first, then nearer, the thin music of a fife. I turned a corner and saw them—six boys, two fifes, a drum. Suddenly, as I stood aside to let them pass—

"There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running."

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The boys went by and the children, round-eyed, silent, a little disappointed, watched them disappear down the street. Did they expect, I wonder, the *Kinder-Spell*?

One thing more. As I was leaving Hamelin I walked again past the "rat-catcher's house" which is to-day a very charming little restaurant. There was no one about but, on a window ledge, a lonely pussy was licking her paws in the last pale sunshine of the summer day. Could she have been a reincarnation of the Pied Piper?

Hildesheim, Brunswick, Goslar, Halberstadt—Old Towns for New

When we consider architecture, as opposed to painting, we are all too likely to forget that these are kindred arts. We seem to expect, in buildings, a certain majesty, a certain grandeur, a certain vast harmony of line and proportion, which we can enjoy in the compositions of a Signorelli and a Michelangelo, but which we should never think of demanding from a Jan Steen or a Brueghel. And yet the same humor, the same keen fancy, the same delicate imagination, so wonderful and so absurd, that made Steen, the Dutch tavern-keeper, one of the great artists of all time, can give to small and unpretentious houses a well-nigh irresistible charm; the naïve, close-to-the-soil genius of Brueghel, when transferred to architecture, loses none of its force.

It is a little surprising to find in Germany (where so many arts have sprouted, at one time or another, and failed to flower) an architecture that came, four

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centuries ago, to a complete and perfect blossom, and has been since neglected and forgotten. It is difficult to account for this neglect, unless one remembers that, until a couple of decades ago, the genre-painters too lay in the trough of the wave; for a generation which could see no beauty in the exquisite absurdities of Teniers and Jan Steen, could scarcely be expected to know Hildesheim for what it is—one of the rarest and most delightful of the little cities of Europe.

Hildesheim has not, it must be admitted, the medieval unity of Carcassonne; nor yet the strange silent emptiness of other ancient towns, Pisa among them, and San Gimignano; on the other hand it is infinitely more colorful than these, infinitely more quaint. The whole Altstadt is a tangle of narrow streets, small dark alley-ways vaulted over, almost, by the high gables of old houses; a succession of squares, each lovelier than the one before, fresh with the green of trees and sunlight, its long unbroken row of venerable buildings running all round; a vast collection of sixteenth-century residences that housed, in the days of the Hanseatic League, prosperous burghers with a flair for art.

To-day Hildesheim is a city of sixty thousand souls; the walls that protected the old town of Bishop Bernwald have long since fallen; on all sides of the Altstadt are wide dull modern quarters that give little promise of the beauty that lies within. And yet, in the neighborhood of the Alstädter-Markt, one can walk for blocks without seeing a single modern

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building or hearing a single inappropriate sound. Wandering along the Judengasse, for example, this small curving street which was once the ghetto of the city, and which escapes from the market-place through an incredibly narrow aperture, it is not difficult to imagine that one is living at the time of Luther. The sagging, overhanging houses with their carved beams and painted panels, the narrow, open casements, the uneven pavement, the noises that one hears (busy little utilitarian noises)—all these create and preserve the illusion of a sixteenth-century city. Scarcely less perfect is this illusion in the market-place itself. On one side the soaring Butchers' Guild-house, which Viollet-le-Duc called "the most beautiful house in the world"; on the other side the old stone Rathaus; in the square, trees, sunlight, and a fountain.

The legend of the founding of Hildesheim, and its connection with the "thousand-year-old" rose vine that clammers still over the apse of the gracious, twelfth-century cathedral, is so charming and, at the same time, so essentially a part of the background and atmosphere of the city, that not to tell it would be to omit one of the most important chapters in Hildesheim's past. On the death of Charlemagne, in 814, Ludwig, surnamed "the Pious," fell heir to the eastern third of his father's empire. Some years later, while hunting one day in the neighborhood of the episcopal residence of Elze, he became fatigued and, throwing himself down on the forest floor, ordered holy mass to be read. It was several hours

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later that the priest discovered, to his consternation, that he had left the sacred utensils behind him in the wood. Hurrying back, he was amazed to find that a rose-vine had sprouted and twined itself so firmly around the holy objects that it was impossible to extricate them. Ludwig, when he heard this story, understood its meaning; he caused to be constructed, beside the miraculous rose-vine, a church; this church was the first cathedral of Hildesheim; and on the walls of the present cathedral this same rose-vine still flowers.

Whether the legend be true or not (and most of the people of Hildesheim, I'm sorry to say, seem to feel that it is only a legend), we know that, during four centuries, a long line of prince-bishops wielded over the town and the surrounding country a temporal as well as a spiritual scepter. Some three or four churches rose in Hildesheim during this period; these are very much over-rated to-day by the local connoisseurs. Actually, they are quite mediocre adaptations of the larger buildings that the itinerant bishops chanced to see in France or along the Rhine. The cathedral, however, possesses a remarkable treasure, two very interesting bronze doors, and a curious little "Christ-pillar" which, we are told, is an imitation of the Column of Trajan at Rome.

But it was not in the field of ecclesiastical architecture that Hildesheim was to achieve its supreme distinction. For though a score of cities in the North of Europe can boast a tiara of churches more distinguished, there is not one (not Rouen, not Lisieux,

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not Brunswick, not even Halberstadt) with old timbered houses so numerous and so lovely. There are, in all, seven hundred of these; and it is this battalion of seven hundred veterans (these staunch patriarchs who march so gayly along the streets) that gives to Hildesheim its beauty and its charm. This is, if you will, a minor charm, the charm of genre-painting, delicate, genial and familiar, a charm that depends, for a good deal of its effectiveness, on age and bright-colored detail and picturesqueness, a charm that is, however, none the less genuine.

The timbered houses of Hildesheim and the complicated rules that governed for a long time their construction had, like all architectures and all architectural rules of importance, their origin in a simple and quite utilitarian need. Hildesheim, in the Fourteenth Century, was a farming village, compressed for the sake of safety into the narrow circumference of a great wall. The essentials, therefore, were twofold; the buildings had to be, first of all, economical of space, and, secondly, adapted to the needs of an agricultural population. The first of these elementary requirements, by making necessary the high roofs and the overhanging gables, gave to the residences of Hildesheim their general form; the second accounts for the existence of certain details which, otherwise, we should find it very difficult to explain.

Medieval farmhouses were almost always built around a courtyard, and even the urban farmhouses of Hildesheim kept pretty close to this traditional form. A passage led through the house itself to the

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barns and stables; this passage, to permit the entry of loaded harvest-wagons, was about fourteen feet high; the height of the first story was therefore arbitrarily set at that figure. But the German of five centuries ago had a preference for low ceilings, and proceeded to divide this fourteen-foot space into a ground floor, which contained the family's living quarters, and a sort of entresol, for the servants. Above this, the beams projected forward over the street, supported at the ends by carved and painted brackets; this projection continued with every additional story, and the vast gable which resulted was devoted to granaries and storerooms.

Little by little, as the years went by, this first simple arrangement was modified and rendered more complex. Hildesheim became a city of merchants rather than farmers; but long after the passageway and the courtyard and the stable had disappeared, the essential features of this vigorous and original style persisted. It was only in the second half of the Sixteenth Century, when the full tide of the Renaissance swept over Germany, that the low entresol, the successively projecting stories, and the high gable passed away. With the passing of these, there vanished all the pretensions to greatness that the timbered architecture of Hildesheim may ever have had. The Knochenhaueramtshaus, or Butcher's Guild-house, combines, as in a great symphony, the ultimate power of the Gothic, and the first young bloom of the Renaissance; in none of the buildings that followed (despite their charm) did the archi-



The streets of Hildesheim are narrow and picturesque

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fects and carvers of Hildesheim ever approach the dignity and beauty of this one, this final masterpiece. And yet these high Renaissance houses are very lovely; the bright-colored carvings (restricted in the earlier buildings to mere decoration on the brackets and cross-beams) give to the façades a pretentiousness that is delightfully naïve; a certain repose makes the doorways exceedingly inviting.

Considering the fact (which we know to be true) that the buildings of Hildesheim were constructed, not by journeymen workers, but by the members of a well-established local guild, their variety is indeed astonishing. We can pick out, it is true, certain peculiarities which set them apart from contemporaneous structures in Brunswick and Halberstadt—an added exuberance of decoration in the later houses, a more perfect conception of architectural form, a greater imagination, a greater verve. But if we except some three or four *chefs d'œuvre* (such as the Knochenhaueramtshaus, which is every bit as fine a piece of Gothic as the town hall of Louvain), we can say quite fairly that these old timbered houses would be a good deal less charming, were it not for the bright-colored carvings on their façades. In these gay and completely unsophisticated panels we find all the old favorites—Faith, Hope, and Charity; a pudgy Venus with an arrow and a scarf, a grotesque little Neptune, leaning on his trident, an absurdly solemn Mars with a blunt sword and a torch, a small proud gentleman marked “Sol.” Between these, the beam-ends are carved, as often as not, into miniature

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gargoyles, and over the doorway, in Latin or Low German, a little inscription with the date.

Of the four or five medieval squares which the people of Hildesheim have so sedulously preserved, the Altstädter Markt is easily the most remarkable (the Knochenhaueramtshaus, which celebrated, last summer, its four hundredth birthday, would alone ensure it that honor); but the irregular Andreas-Platz is not far behind. In addition to some half dozen noble veterans, it possesses what is unquestionably the most grotesque and the most curious of Hildesheim's houses—the Umgestülpter Zuckerhut, or Inverted Sugar-loaf, a gay little affair which balances precariously on a diminutive foundation. Very like a drunken peasant from one of Jan Steen's canvases is this small tipsy building; very like Jan Steen's work is this whole town of Hildesheim, merry and fresh, full of an infinite good-humor, inconsequential, but utterly delightful.

After Hildesheim, Brunswick (or *Braunschweig*) is a little disappointing; it is the same story poorly retold, the same tune played in a lower and less triumphant octave, the same chalice fashioned out of dross instead of gold.

One seeks in vain along the streets of this busy and fast-growing city for the color, the architectural perfection, the gay good taste which makes Hildesheim so unique and so delightful. There are scores of old houses, it is true, but, for the most part, they are the drab products of the sixteen-hundreds, without carvings, without painted panels, without any of

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that colorful *esprit* characteristic of their cousins in Hildesheim.

The most interesting part of Brunswick lies around and beyond the Altstädter Markt. The old Rathaus is a somber little Gothic building in gray stone, looking out over a treeless rectangular square around which old houses rub shoulders with new. On down Breiten-Strasse is another little square known as the Bäcker-klint, with a statue of that amiable jester, Tyll Eulenspiegel. This fourteenth-century wit, half Robin Hood, half Barnum, is one of the most attractive figures in German folk-lore; books have been written about the tricks he played—how he cheated the rich and gave money to the poor, how, one time when his pockets were empty, he offered to show people a horse, “with its tail where its head ought to be,” and then let them see his own faithful steed, tied with its tail toward the manger. He sits in bronze here in Brunswick on the edge of a fountain, smiling benignly on the world. Near by, on Lange-Strasse, Schützen-Strasse, and around the Alte Wage, are the finest of Brunswick’s old houses—vast things of timbered brick and stucco. And over beside the cathedral is Brunswick’s ancient lion—a curious twelfth-century beast which could pass quite easily for a hyena or a bulldog.

Brunswick also boasts, in the Landes-Museum, an excellent collection of Dutch and Italian painting. Particularly worth noting is the Rembrandt landscape, but such masters as Palma Vecchio,

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Ruysdael, Steen, Van Dyck and Holbein are worthily represented.

Some thirty miles south of Brunswick and Hildesheim, where the green fertility of this northern plain rises into the foothills of the Harz, is the ancient city of Goslar. Its situation is one of extreme beauty; flanked on three sides by high wooded hills, bisected by the small hurrying stream of the Gose, almost completely encircled by woodland, it alone, of all these towns of the Center, possesses a natural as well as a man-made charm. Yet about its streets there is a quiet reminiscent of Weimar.

As far as picturesqueness is concerned, Goslar cannot compete with Hildesheim; its old buildings are homely and unpretentious, roofed with slate instead of tile, untouched by the painter and the carver. But there is something so clean-swept and fresh about this gay, sweet-smelling little town that one is always glad to get there and sorry to go away.

Goslar preserves a few relics of those far imperial days, when a Saxon emperor lived in the "Kaiserhaus" inside her walls, when over a hundred towers protected her splendor, and armies were marshaled outside her gates. Of these relics the less said the better. The Rosen-Tor, which once defended Goslar on the north, has been transformed into a hotel dining-room; the cathedral was almost entirely "taken down" in 1819; the Kaiserhaus, as Baedeker tells us, underwent a "thorough restoration" in 1867—its great hall was at that time adorned with what I think are the worst frescoes it has ever been my

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misfortune to see. But not even the pathos of these desecrated glories can diminish Goslar's charm.

Thirty miles from Goslar on the road to Leipzig, lies Halberstadt. Here at length is a town which can, in a small way, rival Hildesheim—at least in the number, if not in the beauty, of its ancient houses. There are over six hundred of these in all—and at least a half dozen which might have been built by those same master artisans who constructed the Altstädter Markt of Hildesheim.

A lovely old Gothic Rathaus divides the main square of Halberstadt into two sections—the wood-market and the fish-market; over these a stone Roland looks down with a seriousness that is almost comic. It seems strange to find here, in the center of Prussia, a statue of this warrior who died at Roncesvalles in Spain. There is a similar statue on the façade of the cathedral at Verona, there is one in Bremen; the peasants in the village of Spello, south of Florence, tell wonderful stories about "Orlando's" prowess; there are stones in the Pyrenees that he is supposed to have thrown sixty miles or more; his career has been celebrated in perhaps the most famous of all *Chansons de Geste*; Ariosto wrote of him at Ferrara; and these towns along the eastern rim of Charlemagne's empire took his figure as a symbol of their freedom. Here in Halberstadt his stone eyes enjoy a pleasant vista—the slow come and go of market-wagons, and the familiar faces of his cronies—those old houses so mellowed by the years.

Chapter V

FROM DÜSSELDORF TO HEIDELBERG— THE RHINE

THE Rhine, on its way from the mountains to the sea, is the most lordly of rivers. Sprung from the noble loins of the Lepontine Alps, born in Switzerland (that stalwart mother of rivers), it sweeps northward with a sublime disregard for international boundaries. It drives a deep cleft between Switzerland and the Black Forest, it washes the shores of France, and carries down to the level country of Holland a breath of German air. And yet for all this international up-bringing, the Rhine remains essentially a German river; on its way past Strasbourg and the other towns of Alsace, it is a gracious but quite ordinary stream—a mere silver girdle across the green lap of the fields; only in Germany does it discover to the world the beauty and poetry that have made it famous.

The magic of the Rhine is an enduring, an immortal thing. Like Venice, this river has had since time immemorial the power to lay over the hearts of men a glamorous and mysterious charm. Goethe, Heine and Byron have sung of its storied splendor; Wagner has celebrated its legends; people of all nations have done it homage. Roman, Gaul and Teuton have stood watch over its banks.

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To see this river at its best one should come at dusk along some tree-fringed inland road to the summit of Drachenfels—that chief jewel in the tiara of castles that crowns the Rhine. One should look down in the morning from the height of Marksburg, and wander upstream from St. Goarshausen to the Lorelei. No description, however florid, can do justice to the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen; how unfortunate that most people should see it first from the quays of Düsseldorf or Cologne! For, north of Bonn, the Rhine bids farewell to romance; it becomes a gray, prosaic and commercial thing. The cities along its banks are little Hamburgs, with high factory chimneys against a flat and desolate skyline; there are no castles, no terraced vineyards; the Rhine is no longer the Rhine.

None of the cities of the Northern Rhineland, not even Cologne, deserves more than a passing glance from the traveler. Essen is the capital of steel: by day a trim industrial city, by night a vast inferno that burns against the dark sky like a conflagration. Dortmund, Duisburg, Barmen-Elberfeld are dreary places of unceasing labor, with little or nothing to attract the tourist. But Düsseldorf styles herself a "home of art." From the brochures issued by the local chamber of commerce, one would be led to believe that Düsseldorf is a Rome, a Florence; actually there are at least twenty cities in the Reich with collections decidedly superior. Düsseldorf possesses at this moment two very mediocre things by Rubens; her huge *Kunsthalle* is filled with bad modern paint-

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ings; she is admittedly the home of that Emmanuel Leutze who perpetrated the *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, which is now famous. The other "attractions" of this city include a quite ordinary bridge, some public parks, charming, but not especially remarkable, and a few interesting modern buildings. Pray who, with Drachenfels before him, has time for public parks?

The logical place to begin, therefore, is Cologne. She is the first step in the great stairway of the Rhine.

Three times the march of years has brought prosperity to this venerable city; twice the wave has receded and left desolation in its place. In the days when Roman legionaries guarded the Rhine, Cologne bore the name of *Colonia Agrippinensis*; she was, after Trier, the most important city of northeastern Gaul. With the decline of the Roman Empire, she too declined; it was seven hundred years before the waters of the Rhine brought her a second eminence. During the latter half of the Middle Ages the Rhine became, in a sense, the chain that bound Flanders to Venice and the East; through Cologne, the central link of this great chain, flowed the slow and colorful tide of medieval commerce. Her third and greatest prosperity is a modern one. She is now, after Berlin and Hamburg, the largest city of the Reich, with a population of seven hundred thousand, and the mightiest cathedral in the north of Europe.

Cologne might be called the Milan of Germany; in her streets there is the same bustle of incessant commerce; her cathedral, like that of Milan, is con-

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stantly besieged by the clatter of trams; and just as the metropolis of Lombardy is the gateway to the Italian Lakes, so Cologne is the gateway to the Rhine. It is true that Cologne has no *Last Supper* by Leonardo; on the other hand her cathedral is, if anything, the finer of the two. Assuredly it lacks, for all its splendor, the cool quiet grace of Amiens, the loveliness of Chartres, the majesty of Notre Dame in Paris. And yet, if we except St. Peter's, there is no church, ancient or modern, in the world with more sheer power about the high lift of its vault, with more indomitable strength about the lines of its façade. It is too bad that this cathedral does not receive, either within or without, the reverence it so richly deserves. The insistent vendors of picture post-cards meet you at its portals; there is a "cash-desk" at the entrance to the choir; one is warned in four languages to "beware of pick-pockets," and little placards tell us that "the beadles are instructed to check immediately any disturbance." It is difficult to be appreciative in such an atmosphere; and yet one cannot help admiring the slow, effortless march of the vast columns of the nave, the lofty beauty of choir and transept, the delicate and fragrant charm of the great painting by Lochner.

Of the thirty-four other churches in Cologne, none are interesting save to the antiquary, nor are the museums worthy of more than passing notice. Having seen the cathedral, the fine old town hall, and that curious building known as the *Gürzenich* (the

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medieval dance-hall of Cologne) one can return to the railway station with a clear conscience. But before setting out for Bonn, let us turn aside for a moment to the historic city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Aix-la-Chapelle (or Aachen) was the capital of Charlemagne's empire. It lies forty miles west of the Rhine, three miles from the Belgian border, two miles from the Dutch. Eleven hundred years have served to destroy much of its ancient glory. No longer could one describe it as did the Latin poet—

*Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,
Regni sedes principalis,
Prima regum curia.*

Thirty-two emperors were crowned in Aachen; their city, like their bones, has perished. Only the cathedral (consecrated in 805 by Pope Leo III), remains. It is a picturesque and beautiful old building, small enough to be intimate, and filled with choice medieval treasures—the marble chair from which Charlemagne used to listen to divine service, columns from Ravenna, rare things of gold. In the morning there is a flower-market in the Münster-Platz, and the nearby town hall is a great Gothic square, reminiscent of the *hôtels de ville* of Belgium.

To see the Rhine in haste is to repent at leisure. The tourist (alas!) seems to prefer the swift, the easy way. Mr. Cook is no lover of pedestrianism; his clients take the early steamer from Cologne; they spend five minutes against the dock of Bonn; Drachenfels they see over one shoulder; the valley of the Moselle, Schloss Eltz and Burg Cochem, they

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miss entirely; tired but triumphant, they reach Mayence in time for dinner; they have “done” the Rhine!

It is my firm opinion that the inventor of fast steamers should be drawn and quartered. Travelers should be forced, willy-nilly, to visit the Rhine in more leisurely fashion—to climb the foot-paths that wind over those castled crags, to sit, during the long drowsy hours of a summer afternoon, on some restaurant terrace above the river, to sleep in the quiet inns of quiet towns, to meditate, to dream, to live a little. For an expedition of this type, Bonn is the ideal starting place—a fine old university town, with something of the easy charm of Heidelberg.

From the bridge of Bonn you can see up the river the green summits of the Siebengebirge—the Seven Hills. Severe and splendid they tower over the Rhine, dwarfing the village of Königswinter at their feet—Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, Lohrberg, Nonnenstromberg, Löwenburg, Petersberg and the Grosser Ölberg. This scene is the subject of some of Byron’s most memorable stanzas:

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

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The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy sweet eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!"

No little mountain in the world is completely worth climbing as is Drachenfels. For the short of leg and the short of wind there is a funicular railway which groans up from Königswinter. But most of us, I think, will want to take the steep winding path just as the first faint hush of twilight falls; the evening view from the summit of this "Dragon's Rock" is one of the rarest things which Europe offers. The Rhine goes by in the dusk like the gray ghost of a river, and as the sunset flame dies out of the sky the Seven Hills seem to draw closer together, like mysterious purple brothers, and the whole river valley is sprinkled with gold beads of light. From Cologne on the north, past Bonn, to Remagen on the south, the eye swings in a vast semi-circle; and the hills beyond the Rhine run off westward toward the far upland plains of the Eifel. It is a panorama of imperishable charm.

Upstream from Rolandseck and Honnef (prettiest of towns), near where Remagen lies, fresh and trim and white against the green of hills and meadows, the little Ahr comes down to join the Rhine. This

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is one of the happiest of streams; it chuckles delightfully in rocky gorges, sings past terraced vineyards, murmurs through the gay villages of its valley. A train takes us from Remagen to Neuenahr. Thence we go on a-foot, through quaint Ahrweiler of the walls and gateways, through Walporzheim, nine miles to Altenahr. Here, perforce, we must choose—either retrace our footsteps to Remagen and the Rhine, or proceed by rail over the watershed to Trier. Wisdom would bid us say “Trier,” but let’s be foolish—our appetite for the Rhine is not yet sated.

Barely have we left Remagen when Linz comes round a bend to meet us; then Hönningen, Andernach, Vallendar—and finally we can see the height of Ehrenbreitstein. Facing this venerable fortress, on a narrow strip of land where Moselle meets Rhine, lies Coblenz, the *Confluentes* of the Romans. It is not, however, a Roman Cæsar, but a Prussian king, that stands watch, enormous and impressive, over the *Deutsches Eck*—the so-called “German Corner” where the two rivers join. And the antiquity of Coblenz is hidden behind a modern mask. The streets of this gracious, tranquil city are wide and straight, with generous gardens and great trees; there is a shady promenade along the Rhine, where fishermen congregate on Sunday afternoons, and where children play. Coblenz was, for four years, the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation; thereafter she was occupied by the

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French, and it is only recently that the German flag replaced the Tri-color on Ehrenbreitstein.

I have long been a worshiper of the goddess Rhine; since one memorable evening on Drachenfels I have many times sworn fealty to her grace and beauty; I have toasted her health in the pale wine of her shores; I have stood in reverent silence before the green loveliness of her hills, and from under the trees that fringe her banks I have watched her at night—all spangled with stars like a mundane Milky Way; I have been a willing Ulysses to this Circe who changes men into poets instead of swine. It is not without misgiving, therefore, that I assume now the rôle of iconoclast, and declare in public my preference for the Moselle. This is heresy, and I deserve to suffer for it.

But, oh, how exquisite is this smaller river! Show me the Schloss Eltz and the Burg Cochem of the Rhine. Tell me where the sun shines as brightly as on the road from Bullay to Trier. Find me trains that loiter along in more happy, genial fashion than the little trains that follow this narrow tortuous valley.

The Moselle is such a modest river that in the summer it becomes too shallow for boats; it is such an unspoiled river that the inns along its shores are never crowded; it is such a light-hearted river, on its hundred-mile journey from Trier to Coblenz, that it flows now east, now west, now north, now south.

The express trains on this line from Coblenz

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westward are the silliest of snobs. They go whistling up to Cochem and pass the village of Moselkern without so much as a nod. We who are wiser take a *Personenzug*; when we get to Moselkern we take a walk—four miles back into the hills to the enchanted castle of Eltz. This forest stronghold rises sheer out of a dense wall of verdure; it preserves, more than any fortress that I know in Europe, the mysterious fairy-story quality that all castles should have. One would say that its towers had been reared by Merlin's magic, that the Sleeping Beauty still sleeps within its walls. Like some woodland queen, hidden in the loneliness of this sequestered valley, it lifts its head—gable upon gable, oriel above oriel, slender turret upon sturdy tower. Four centuries contributed to the building of Eltz; it is this variety of construction which constitutes its greatest charm. The several parts of the castle are grouped about a narrow courtyard; they are all different and all beautiful.

Farther up the Moselle is Cochem, a trim white garden of a town, behind which the red hills are terraced into vineyards and over which Burg Cochem lours in forbidding splendor. The landscape in this part of the valley is of incredible brilliance. The Moselle is a flat ribbon of tarnished silver; the sky overhead is intensely, impenetrably blue; between these are the hills—the soil red, with the dusky color of old brick, against which the tracery of vines seems fresh and fragile, like green lace. Here, as in most wine-growing countries, the grape leaves are

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sprayed in summer with copper sulphate, and the delicate blue-green tinge which results is, if anything, an improvement upon nature.

Burg Cochem, unlike Schloss Eltz, does not bear close inspection. It has been too recently and too extensively restored. But seen from the hills behind, from the valley, or from across the river, it presents as picturesque an *ensemble* as one could hope to find.

Eight miles upstream from Cochem the twin villages of Bullay and Alf face one another across the river. From Alf one can climb in three-quarters of an hour to the lofty ruins of the Marienburg. From Bullay one can take the narrow gauge to Trier. Words cannot describe in satisfactory fashion the delights of this four-hour trip along the river. The little railway winds and bends and wanders like the most capricious of vagabonds; for sixty-three miles it follows the right bank of the Moselle. Through picturesque Enkirch of the timbered houses, through Traben-Trarbach, lovely, castle-crowned, through Cröv, Berncastel (of the famous vineyards), through Niederemmel-Piesport to historic Trier.

Trier, like Aachen, is an old imperial city. As *Augusta Treverorum* during the third and fourth centuries after Christ, she shared with Milan, Constantinople and Ravenna the honor of being capital of the Roman Empire. To-day there is scarcely a city of trans-Alpine Gaul with more numerous and more splendid relics of the Roman era. The most celebrated of these is the Porta Nigra. It stands in



Cochem Castle on the Moselle

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a little park not far from the railway station—vast, venerable, blackened with age. Of the Roman wall which once surrounded the town, this gateway alone remains. Built out of great blocks of sandstone, bound together with iron bars, it is the lonely and melancholy survivor of a glory long gone by. Trier also possesses three colossal ruins—that of the amphitheater which, in its heyday, seated thirty thousand people, that of the Imperial Baths, and that of the so-called “Barbara” Baths. These, it must be admitted, are a good deal less impressive than similar structures in the South of France. But even aside from her Roman relics, Trier deserves a visit. Her situation is one of extreme beauty, and many a fine old house along her streets gives witness to the splendor of her past; she is a fitting end to the lovely chapter of the Moselle, her river.

Having thus expressed our admiration for the Moselle, it would be unfair to deny to the other tributary of the Rhine, the Lahn, its word of praise. This pleasant stream deserves an honorable place beside the Ahr, which it greatly exceeds in volume, if not in beauty. The meeting of Lahn and Rhine, which takes place some five miles south of Coblenz, is ably chaperoned by the ancient and all-seeing tower of the castle of Lahneck—one of the noblest of that line which stretches from Ehrenbreitstein to Burg Ehrenfels. Bad Ems is perhaps the best-known town upon the Lahn, but Nassau, Limburg, and the miles between, have their full share of picturesque and charming things.

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Into the forty short miles that separate Coblenz and Bingen is crowded a whole lifetime of beauty. The Rhine swings splendidly along between great lordly hills, terraced into precipitous vineyards and green with trees. The shores are set with diadem after diadem of castles, lonely battlements and crumbling walls; to this royal interlude Ehrenbreitstein is an invitation, and Burg Lahneck a trumpet call.

Most of the castles along the Rhine have the good fortune to be viewed only from afar. There is not, it must be confessed, a single Schloss Eltz among them; practically without exception they have been either ruined or restored. The Germans take no little satisfaction in pointing out that these strongholds (like the castle of Heidelberg) were destroyed by French cannon. Lahneck, Schönbürg, Fürstenburg and Falkenburg fell during the campaign of 1688-89, while Rheinfels was blown up in 1797. Perhaps Marksburg alone of all the ancient watchmen that glower down upon the Rhine, preserves enough of its medieval atmosphere to deserve a visit. And yet it would be unfair to dismiss them thus. Drachenfels itself is only a ruin, and from many a fine old crag between the Lahn and the Nahe one enjoys a vista scarcely less superb.

Folk-lore and legend have woven about these grim guardians of the Rhine a romantic and glamorous veil. The last members of that famous order, the Knights Templar, died, they say, in defense of Burg Lahneck, fighting desperately for an unknown cause.

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Even more pathetic is the story of the twin castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein; these are known to-day as "The Hostile Brothers"—on the wall that separates them (so goes the tale) two brothers of the house of Sponheim, loving the same woman, once met in mortal combat; both were killed. Heine has immortalized in his ballad, "*Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten*," the myth of the Lorelei—the gold-haired river siren whose sweet and fatal song will echo forever around the high rock near St. Goar. In the "Mouse Tower," on an island near Bingen, Archbishop Hatto of Mayence is said to have sought refuge from an army of mice which incessantly pursued him; this cruel prelate, in a time of famine, drove all the mendicants of the region into a great barn, and burned them there; transformed into mice, they followed and devoured him.

Of the many little towns, scattered along the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen, two should be singled out for especial mention. Bacharach and Oberwesel are only three miles apart. They are both quaint, archaic places on the left bank of the river; over the one, Burg Stahleck frowns; over the other, side by side, the new Schönbürg and the old.

This chapter, properly speaking, should end with Bingen, for at Bingen ends abruptly the whole splendid pageant of the Rhine. It is as if the little Nahe brought down from its western hills some mysterious elixir without which the Rhine is merely an ordinary stream; for seventeen miles, from Bin-

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gen to Mayence, it is the dullest of rivers—a fitting preface to Mayence, dullest of towns.

“Mainz the Golden,” the historic, has fallen in this commercial century from her high estate. The old city of Gutenberg (who printed here his 42-line Bible) has grown too crassly prosperous, too blatant, and too large. Her streets are less picturesque, even, than those of Frankfurt and Cologne; she is a Leipzig of the Rhineland, and her huge cathedral, thickly populated with the tombs of her archbishop-princes, is a solitary witness to the greatness of her past. Little as I like the famous spas of Europe, I prefer Wiesbaden, lying off across the river in a charming corner of the Taunus hills. I prefer, even, the no less commercial city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

Frankfurt is a city of the new and the old, a metropolis of commerce and a home of art. In the matter of history she is surpassed by few cities of the Reich. After the decay of Aachen it was in the cathedral of Frankfurt that the German emperors were crowned; in an ancient house on Hirschgraben, which still stands, the immortal Goethe first saw the light of day; No. 26 Börne-Strasse, in what was once the ghetto, is the ancestral home of the Rothschild dynasty. But the picturesque Frankfurt has almost disappeared; the fine buildings that remain (such as the Römer, the old town hall) are surrounded by the products of a later and more utilitarian age. Modern Frankfurt, like most German cities, has her art, her music. Her opera is a famous one, and in the Städel Art Institute are masterpieces by Van

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Eyck, Hals, Rembrandt, Holbein and many others.

To see Holbein at his best, however, one should go to Darmstadt. The single treasure of this otherwise prosaic town on the main railway line from Frankfurt to Heidelberg is the *Madonna of Burgomaster Meyer*; this is not only one of Holbein's *chefs d'œuvre*, but also perhaps the most brilliant and most radiant creation of German art.

About Heidelberg, as about Carcassonne, there is something infinitely, almost poignantly romantic. No other town so stands, in the popular imagination, for the brief, transitory glamor of youth. Instinctively one thinks of Heidelberg as enjoying the fresh beauty of a perennial spring; she is always nineteen, and in love.

It is a dangerous thing to visit the Heidelbergs of this imperfect world; they are all too likely to be disappointing, and to gamble with one's illusions is to gamble for high stakes indeed. A prosaic Carcassonne, a matter-of-fact Seville—such things as these would make cynics of us all. Fortunately it would seem that famous places, like famous people, generally exceed one's expectations. To see Napoleon, they tell us, was to feel his power; to see the Sistine Chapel is to realize that art critics have been chary of their praise; to see Heidelberg is to have one's dreams come true.

The river Neckar comes softly out of its green hills and blossoms at this point into the wide plain of the Rhine. The little town nestles pleasantly between hill and river; over it towers the ruddy ruin

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of an enormous castle. Heidelberg is most beautiful, I think, in the early autumn, when a blue September haze has drifted up the valley from Mannheim, and laid over bridge, river and castle a tenuous and mysterious veil. She is most beautiful as seen from the Heiligenberg across the Neckar, from that exquisite pathway known as the "Philosophenweg."

Schloss Heidelberg, the castle, is one of the rarest things that man and nature have created in collaboration. Its ivy-hung walls are poems in red sandstone, and the great elms that tower above its crumbling bastions reach down as if they wished to lay a parting tribute upon the grave of a fallen friend. The various buildings which make up the Schloss are closely grouped about a shady central courtyard; here, in the summer, plays are given—such things as *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in a setting of incomparable charm.

Of all the sections of the castle, by far the finest is the Otto-Heinrichs-Bau, which shuts off the courtyard on the northeast side. Built in the pure, tranquil style of the Italian Renaissance, constructed out of the warm red sandstone of the Neckar Valley, it has a supple grace, a dignity, a strength which German architecture never again achieved. In the cellar is the famous Heidelberg Tun; a monster cask, the top of which was converted into a dance floor; this held some fifty thousand gallons of wine and was once drunk dry by the jovial attendants of the Count Palatine in just two years. The view from the castle windows is one of great beauty—in the



The famous Lorelei Rock on the Rhine

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foreground, the clustered roofs and spires of Heidelberg, then the gray Neckar, moving westward under its bridges, and finally the green plain toward Mannheim.

To a person who has seen Oxford, or any one of the larger American colleges, the buildings that house the University of Heidelberg seem strikingly unpretentious. They are scattered more or less at random through the town—very ordinary little structures, with no trace of “Collegiate Gothic” in their make-up. There are no memorial towers against the sky, no carillons to ring out the hours, no quadrangles, no chapels, no vast dormitories. About it all there is an atmosphere of almost Spartan simplicity. Rather more interesting are two places intimately connected with student life—the “Carcer,” or College Prison, its walls covered from floor to ceiling with the *graffiti* of a thousand erstwhile inmates; the tavern in Hirsch Gasse, across the river, where the duels were fought.

The armies of Louis XIV passed through Heidelberg in 1693, destroying, almost completely, both castle and town. Of the older houses, the “Ritter” alone remains; transformed now into a restaurant, it is both popular and picturesque. But it is not her quaintness that has endeared Heidelberg to so many hearts—rather something more subtle and more rare—the mellow flavor of the Old Germany that clings still to her streets, the beauty of her castle, the enchantment of her youth.

Chapter VI

THE BLACK FOREST

THE traveler on his way from Heidelberg to Basel sees on his left, once Baden-Baden is behind him, a low line of darkly forested hills. They lie along the eastern horizon like brooding storm clouds, ominous, silent, seeming to cast a shadow over the whole sky. Occasionally off to the west, through the haze that lingers over summer wheat fields, one can catch a glimpse of the far-off summits of the Vosges; seen across the fertile miles of the Rhine valley, the peaks of this Alsatian range have the blue, indefinite quality of a mirage—as though the mountains of the Black Forest had flung themselves through the wide vault of the heavens and, striking the blue metallic western sky, had awakened the faintest of echoes.

Of the many gateways to the Black Forest—Baden-Baden, Offenburg, Stuttgart, etc.—the little city of Freiburg-im-Breisgau is by all odds not only the pleasantest, but the most logical as well. The Schwarzwald, as it sweeps southward toward the Alps, is increasingly dramatic; the pine-clad hills behind Freiburg are cut with splendid gorges and dark valleys; for scenic beauty, they have few equals in the world.

The Black Forest

Freiburg herself is one of the most winning of towns, a place of hospitality, old-world and gracious, a place of red sandstone buildings and red sandstone walls. Through her streets a rivulet of clear water chatters joyously upon its way; the great spire of her great cathedral is a ruddy finger against the sky; she belongs half to the mountains, and half to the plain. The world is only just beginning to discover Freiburg, to realize that her cathedral is the most graceful and the loveliest of German churches, infinitely more delicate than Cologne's vast *Dom*, a dusky Gothic sister to the Schloss of Heidelberg. Many an old house lends color to the shady streets of this delightful town, and the green forest slopes come down to her very walls; she is the unspoiled introduction to an unspoiled land.

A little railway leads back from Freiburg, climbing laboriously over the hills, racing across that high plateau where the names of all the villages end with "ingen," coasting down the valley of the Danube to Ulm and Munich. This is one of the most beautiful rail journeys in Europe, but what folly to undertake it before we have explored at least a few of the Black Forest glades!

Seen from a distance, the Black Forest has an almost forbidding aspect; from the air it has the appearance of a tempestuous sea, with dark green breakers reaching up angrily toward the sky. But to walk in its valleys, to come suddenly upon its farms, all neat and tidy like a patchwork quilt, to climb to some wooded eminence and see the whole

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thing spread out before you like a map, in its half savage, half funereal splendor, is to realize that the Schwarzwald is one of the most enchanting regions in the world. No farm-houses that I know are so ingenuously charming as those of the Black Forest—wide-eaved, wooden structures, fresh with flowers. And the people who inhabit this southern half of the province of Baden are worthy of their earthly paradise, to which each season brings a new, a rarer beauty.

Most of the finest spots in the Black Forest lie either on or near the little "Höllental" railway that runs back from Freiburg; the rest are easily accessible, in both winter and summer, by postal auto bus. There is Furtwangen, town of cuckoo-clocks, Titisee and Schluchsee with their upland lakes, St. Blasien, Schönaue, Todtmoos, and lofty Feldberg. Lastly, over in the far southeast, there are the villages along the German shore of the Lake of Constance—Constance itself, city of the martyrdom of John Huss, a sort of German Geneva at the end of the lake, then walled Überlingen, castled Meersburg.

Chapter VII

A BAVARIAN MEDLEY

BAVARIA might be called the inevitable exception that proves the rule of the Reich. She is, somehow, a region set apart. About her landscapes, her villages, her people, there is a curious something, abiding yet evanescent, young yet old, eternally joyous yet eternally sad—a profoundly human affection for the pleasant things of life.

Germany one can measure by any number of yardsticks; Bavaria one can measure by none. "Life," says the Prussian, "a serious business is"; life, to the Bavarian, is in the nature of a glorious holiday that will too soon be over. The behavior of the Prussian one can calculate, predict and understand; the Bavarian does always the delightful, the unexpected. He is like a lover—in love with life.

The gayety of Bavaria is a charming and infectious thing. It catches one unawares on the brown walls of Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber; like a breath of spring air it blows through the cobbled streets of Nuremberg; like some tuneful melody of Mozart (Munich's darling) it lingers over the café tables of Bavaria's shining capital.

Then let us go some evening, when the summer moon is bright over Munich and the clear Alpine stars are twinkling with a pale good humor, to the

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Hofbräuhaus—that lofty temple of Bavaria's beery Bacchus. Nowhere may one study better, or see in a more characteristic mood, the happy folk of southern Germany. The rich and the poor are here, the young and the old; the eternal leather breeches, the eternal beer, the eternal Mozart. Across the wide tables of this famous restaurant all men are equals and all men friends. Little currents of laughter drift back and forth from group to group, little eddies of conversation, little snatches of song. Girls go by with baskets of pretzels, baskets of huge white radishes, ingeniously cut into long spiral bands; there is a good deal of simple, rather pleasant wit, and a great deal of beer.

Beneath this obvious and superficial jollity, there lies hidden in the Bavarian soul a genuine and profound love of beautiful things, a never-failing enthusiasm for art and literature and music. The last time I was in Munich I went several times to dine in a good, but not particularly pretentious little restaurant near the Karlstor. Here, every evening from seven until ten, an eight-piece orchestra, with an amazing repertoire that included over two thousand numbers, played (and very well indeed) the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Chopin, Mozart. It was summer; the restaurant windows were always open, and always, even on rainy nights, there were poorly dressed people outside, who stood silent on the stone pavement until the music was over.

Again, on days when there was to be Wagner in

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the Prinzregententheater, I have seen crowds waiting in long lines for tickets. I have watched them block the sidewalk before an art dealer's window, seen them surge through the rooms of Munich's three-score galleries and museums.

If it can be said that the Bavarian has a natural appreciation of art, it can be said even more truly that he has been born with an eye which sees, invariably, the beautiful things of nature. In fine weather, when the air is clear, a flag is flown on the tower of Munich's Rathaus; this flag is a sort of invitation—climb, on that particular day, to the topmost balcony of the tower (this Gothic needle of stone), and you can see off to the southward the far blue chain of the Alps. No sooner does a holiday come to Munich or to Nuremberg than the stations are besieged; on Sundays in spring and summer every accessible village in the Allgäu is crowded. Even in the very suburbs of Munich—Nymphenburg, Starnberg, and the small quiet towns of the Isar-Tal—one sees them, dressed in blue linen jackets, bright-colored suspenders, short breeches, feathered hats—these lovable and ever-youthful people of Bavaria.

So charming is this Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit*, so pleasant this universal love of art and beauty, that one hesitates to remark on what must be, to the discerning traveler, an obvious truth. It would seem, somehow, that into the vast sea of his enthusiasm the South German has dropped and lost the fine pearl of his critical instinct. How else explain the

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existence, side by side in Munich, of the Old Pina-
kothek and the New? The Old, rare, perfect, made
glorious by the genius of Van der Weyden, Raphael,
Dürer, Rubens, El Greco; the New, cheap, tawdry,
full of the maudlin sentimentalities of the Munich
school—"Sport of the Waves," "Pan Among the
Reeds," "Moonlight on the Zuider Zee," and so on.
How else explain the failure of this art-loving prov-
ince to produce, during the last two hundred years,
a single important and original work of art?

The beautiful city of Munich is a potpourri of
architectural imitations. Her railway station is a
Teutonic version of an Italian church; her Propy-
laea, is indeed, as Baedeker assures us, in the style
of that of Athens; on the Odeons-Platz there stands
a copy of the Loggia dei Lanzi of Florence. Pale
Parthenons (chaste daughters of Greece) blossom on
every street corner, and Munich's modern Rathaus
is a curious conglomeration of bits culled from the
town halls of Brussels, Brunswick, Münster-in-
Westphalia. Does the Münchener love his mistress,
art, so dearly that he can discover no flaw in all her
myriad faces?

Despite this deplorable lack of architectural unity,
Munich is, it must be admitted, a very beautiful city
—perhaps, after Dresden, the most beautiful of the
Reich. Less pompous, less ornately magnificent
than Berlin, less hurried and commercial than Leip-
zig or Hamburg, trim, gracious, fresh, good-humored,
she is a city of undeniable charm. Never have I
seen the streets and avenues of a metropolis so clean,



Nuremberg, the main market place

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so neat, so orderly as those of Munich, never have I seen the city stars so brilliant, a city's air so clear. If one could only make out from her sidewalks what one can see from her towers—the rugged outline of the Bavarian Alps—one would be more likely to realize that Munich is not, after all, a lowland city. Actually she is the highest, in the matter of altitude, on the continent of Europe.

Like most of the prosperous German cities of to-day, Munich has far outgrown her ancient ramparts; only a few of the old gateways remain. Between these, replacing the torn-down wall, there stretches a narrow curving band of green, a semi-circular barricade of trees and grass that bounds on the east the Munich of history. Coming down from the railway station one passes through the Karlstor: this venerable landmark is all that separates the old city from the 'new. Beyond, the boulevards give way to winding streets and a few fine medieval buildings (lonely veterans) give witness to the glory of Munich's past. Towering above this older quarter, setting their lovely cachet on the city as a whole, the twin green globes of the Frauen-Kirche reach toward the sky. These, like a pair of moons atop the brick towers of the Church of Our Lady, are the distinguishing mark of Munich, and its pride.

The Frauen-Kirche is, like many of the public buildings of Bavaria, a thing of no great architectural importance, but of considerable charm. Built out of brick, mellow, warm and ancient, it has far more individuality, far more beauty than the osten-

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tatious modern Rathaus a block away, far more distinction than those illegitimate children of Athens that the present-day Münchener seems so to love.

Aside from the Frauen-Kirche, there is little in the old town to intrigue the traveler. The Rathaus is, as I have already remarked, a pastiche of details, a medley of styles. And the colossal *Residenz*, the palace of the kings of Bavaria, is about as large and about as ugly as the Kaiser's palace in Berlin. It too is a rococo orgy, a gilt wedding-cake of a building, cheap, over-decorated, tawdry. Much more pleasant, much more characteristic of Bavarian life are the gay, old-fashioned restaurants that cluster like ancient cronies around the Platzl—the Hofbräuhaus with its beer, its Festsaal, its music, the Restaurant Platzl where a troupe of Dachauer holds forth of an evening, and so on.

It must be admitted, however, that the most beautiful parts of Munich—this city which is always beautiful but never supremely so—lie outside the limits of the older quarter. Munich has not and probably never did have any pretensions to picturesqueness; hers, for the most part, is a sophisticated and rather tranquil charm—the easy spaciousness of the Maximilian-Strasse as it swings off westward across the Isar, the informal summer loveliness of the Englischer Garten, the trim, cool precision of the Königs-Platz. Yet even about all this, engaging though it be, there is something curiously sterile, curiously spiritless, curiously uninspired. I should imagine that a person who disliked museums

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would find Munich very boring after a day or so. But who, after all, could dislike the museums of Munich?

The largest of these and the most remarkable is known as the Deutsches Museum, or, more fully, as "The German Museum of the Master-achievements of Natural Science and Engineering." The vast new building that houses its myriad exhibits covers a whole island in the Isar; this building is filled, from floor to roof, with machines and instruments that tell simply and graphically the story of the scientific progress of mankind. Here one may travel in a few hours the length of that weary road which leads from barbarism to civilization. Here one may read, written in the universal language of achievement, the history of the rise of man.

In the transportation division, for example, one can trace man's slow progress toward the conquest of space. Here at the beginning is a crude sledge, such as the Samoyeds still use for crossing the Siberian snows. One follows it through an astonishing transformation—it becomes a cart, a wagon, the gilded coach of a king. One steps across the corridor and straddles a dozen decades. Here are the first automobiles, the strange outlandish machines of Daimler and Benz. In a nearby room stands "Puffing Billy," dean of locomotives, and on beyond, past the electric railway engines of to-day, is a full-sized cross-section of the Simplon Tunnel. There are rooms of bridges and rooms of ships—galleys like those of Salamis, a model of the *Great Western*; a

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full-sized modern submarine. So, eventually, to the Fokker monoplane.

Perhaps the most unique feature of the Deutsches Museum, a feature which, even more than its completeness, sets it apart from all other scientific museums in the world, is the fact that, in practically every department, the majority of machines exhibited may be operated by the visitor. In other cases, when the size or character of the machine renders this impossible, there are small electrically driven models which run. Thus one can study, thus even the layman can appreciate and understand, the complicated principles of the modern airplane motor, the laborious operation of the first steam engine constructed by Watt.

It would take a whole book to catalogue the wonders of this most interesting museum in the world. Suffice it to say that there are mines, ancient and modern, bored under ground and perfect in every detail, that there are rooms which tell the story of astronomy from Galileo onward, that there is an astonishing planetarium which reproduces, in a domed and darkened hall, the night sky of Munich and the motion of the stars, that there are machines of all ages and all climes—windmills and Diesel motors, an alchemist's laboratory and a telephone.

A close second, in the matter of interest, to the Deutsches Museum, is the Old Pinakothek, which ranks with the galleries of Berlin and Dresden as the finest of the Reich. Assuredly it is less rich in masterpieces than the home of the divine madonna

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of San Sisto, assuredly it is a less rounded, less perfect whole than the Kaiser Friedrich of Berlin—and yet, through its great closely hung halls, Rubens sweeps in all his majesty and glory; its cabinets and corridors are touched with the mysterious loveliness of some of El Greco's finest paintings; its walls are glamorous with great names. Dürer, Altdorfer, Grien, Grünewald—the supreme men of Germany's golden age; Van der Weyden, Memling—poets of Flanders; Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Murillo—all are there.

Two other museums in Munich, and perhaps only two, uphold to some extent the great tradition of the Old Pinakothek. These—the Neue Staatsgalerie and the Glyptothek, or museum of sculpture—face one another across the green lawn of the Königs-Platz. The older and more famous of the two, the Glyptothek, boasts among its treasures two exquisite pediment groups from a Doric temple on the island of Ægina; the Neue Staatsgalerie atones, in a final magnificent gesture, its "Hall of the French masters," for all the tiresome mediocrity of its other rooms. In this hall one finds at its best the work of Cézanne, Renoir, Manet, Monet, Pissarro and Toulouse-Lautrec. Hung near these, luminous and lovely against the neutral wall, are the gorgeous yellow sunflowers of Van Gogh. Fine-colored reproductions of this masterpiece are to be seen in every art dealer's window in Munich.

Strangely enough, even in these three excellent museums, the Münchener's taste and judgment and

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discrimination have been perverted by his blind, and yet enormous enthusiasm for all forms of art. There are a number of copies in the Old Pinakothek which are not labeled as such; and paintings by more or less obscure artists pass on its walls for the works of Titian, Giorgione, Terborgh. A considerable part of the Greek and Roman sculpture in the Glyptothek has been badly, even wrongly restored. A good seventy-five percent of the pictures in the Neue Staatsgalerie are of insignificant artistic value.

But enough of art! Let us turn southward, on one of the clear blue mornings of Munich's summer, toward the Bavarian Alps. This high green barricade rises abruptly on the north out of the smiling plain of the Danube, and, beyond the Austrian Tyrol, beyond the Dolomites, falls on the south to the fertile plain of the Po. Its northern edge, which lies inside the frontiers of Bavaria, is deeply cut into wild splendid valleys, beaded with the green jewels of upland lakes, dotted with picturesque small mountain towns. Few regions in Europe can equal its enchantment.

As far as the traveler is concerned, at least, the Bavarian Alps may be divided roughly into three parts. The first, or eastern section, stretches off to the south of the main railway line from Munich to Salzburg and Vienna; the second may be reached by the trans-Alpine line which, after passing near Oberammergau and through Garmisch-Partenkirchen, winds over the mountains to Innsbruck and Verona;

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the third, the least famous and the least explored, is bounded on the west by the Lake of Constance, and easily accessible from the Munich-Lindau line.

Of these three, most American tourists seem to prefer the second, and most Germans the first. It is not possible, in this case, to criticize the taste of either one: both know what they are looking for, both get what they want.

Perhaps there is no valley in all these Bavarian highlands so dear to the citizen of Munich as that narrow cleft which nature has driven between the high snow-covered summit of the Watzmann and the Austrian border. All summer long, from May until September, the little resorts which nestle in this valley—Berchtesgaden and Bad Reichenhall—are crowded. Beyond these, reached by a small electric railway which winds back into the very southeastern tip of Germany, lies the Königs-See—a dainty emerald pendant held there in the cupped hands of the hills. Around it on three sides the mountains rise precipitous and sheer, velvet, darkly forested titans that soar seven and eight thousand feet in the air.

You should see the Königs-See in the evening, after the tourists have gone and the little lake has gathered to itself the first shadows of night, when the sun, hidden behind the Watzmann to the west, casts on the eastern peaks beyond the water a delicate and fragrant radiance. Seen thus, at its most perfect moment, the Königs-See is somehow remi-

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niscent of Lucerne, of Thun; it shares with these that mysterious lonely quality which gives to the higher Alpine lakes their especial charm.

Although there is no bit of water in all Bavaria which can match, as far as beauty is concerned, the Königs-See, yet the towns of this valley—Berchtesgaden, and its rather more extensive twin, Bad Reichenhall—cannot hope to compete in picturesqueness with the villages farther to the west—Mittenwald, Oberammergau, Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Popularity has to some extent spoiled these latter places—there are large hotels and souvenir shops and automobiles for hire—but nothing, not even an army of travelers, could render less superb that view of the Zugspitze, Germany's highest peak, glimpsed over the wide low roofs of Partenkirchen; the mellow simplicity of Mittenwald is a thing that cannot be destroyed.

Oberammergau is far and away the most famous of these towns. Its Passion Play has made its name a byword in every country. Too bad that it could not, like other villages, be loved for itself alone!

Twenty-odd miles west of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, reached by a spur of the Munich-Lindau line, is the little town of Füssen, no more than a good stone's throw from the Austrian frontier. This village itself is in no way remarkable; in its environs, however, are two of the most extraordinary modern castles in the world. These, Hohenschwangau and Neuschwanstein, were during the last century the favorite residences of King Louis II of Bavaria.

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Both rise on rocky promontories above the blue-green water of the Alp-See; both, from a distance, are impressive and beautiful; both, on closer inspection, reveal themselves for the imitations that they are. Of the two, Neuschwanstein is unquestionably the more striking. Walled, towered and pinnaced, it rears its enormous bulk from the topmost spur of a heavily forested hill. Everything about it, the magnificent vista that it commands from its terrace, the very folly of its position, the very uselessness of its wide-windowed bulwarks, reflects somehow a certain royal splendor. Far more here than in the palaces of Berlin and Potsdam did a German monarch achieve something comparable to Versailles.

From these villages of the south one returns almost inevitably to Munich. All the railway lines in this part of the Reich run, like the spokes of some gigantic wheel, straight to Bavaria's joyous capital. The Haupt-Bahnhof of Munich is the gateway to any number of delightful lands. Rarest and most charming of these is that very old-world country which lies along and to the north of the winding ribbon of the Danube—Franconia, and the Swabian Alb.

Unfortunately, the average traveler who arrives in Munich with one eye on the North takes the direct train to Nuremberg. By so doing he misses completely some half dozen of the most interesting towns of Germany—historic Augsburg, Ulm, trim, quaint, dwarfed into insignificance by the colossal tower of its church, Nördlingen, which is six hun-

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dred years old and looks its age, walled, sequestered Dinkelsbühl, Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber—"the town that time forgot."

It seems rather too bad that Ratisbon (or Regensburg), far off to the east, does not lie closer to these, its natural peers and fellows. For Ratisbon too is an old city, mellow, fine-flavored, glamorous with the memories and buildings of the past. Its patrician mansions, towered and fortified, are beautiful with that peculiar beauty which only time produces; its Town Hall is a rare Gothic jewel; its narrow streets, so gay with window-boxes of flowers, have a pleasant picturesqueness all their own. Seen from across the Danube, from the farther end of the twelfth-century stone bridge, the skyline of Ratisbon is almost that of a medieval city—towers, pinnacles and spires.

Augsburg alone of all these ancient towns has to some extent gone the way of most modern German cities. Famous once for its fountains, it is famous now for its cloth; known five centuries ago for its splendor, it has become in the last fifty years a provincial metropolis, sparsely scattered with buildings of the Renaissance. Ulm, fifty miles on to the west, is infinitely more attractive.

Like Ratisbon, Ulm is a river city. The swift yellow Danube hurries by outside the remnants of its crumbling walls. High above the red tile of its roofs, dominating the surrounding country, visible in clear weather for close to fifty miles, the colossal spire of its minster reaches up toward the sky. There is

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perhaps in all Europe no cathedral tower so impressive as this one; the tallest spire in the world, it lifts the thin needle of its summit five hundred and twenty-eight feet above the cobbled square below. The minster too is beautiful, and of vast proportions. A hundred and fifty yards long, fifty yards wide, it covers an area scarcely less great than that of the cathedral of Cologne. Inside and out it is rich in artistic treasures—rare sculptures, and carved choir stalls which rank with the finest of Germany.

Something there is about this town of Ulm—a tranquil loveliness, a genial peace—reminiscent of Malines, of the gray cities of Flanders. Here, as in Belgium, the pale sunlight falls softly on the high gables of old houses; here, as in those far cities of the North, the streets are narrow and winding; here, too, the humbler buildings cluster around the great church like worshipers seeking the protection of a beneficent god.

North of Ulm and Augsburg, reached by a little train which, like the very clocks in this part of the Reich, moves slowly, lie the twin walled villages of Nördlingen and Dinkelsbühl. These unpretentious Carcassonnes of the Franconian plain are among the most delightfully unspoiled places in a world that is becoming every day more spoiled. Both of them rise out of fertile lowland country, green with orchards, yellow in summer with wide fields of ripening grain; both of them belong, architecturally and spiritually as well, to the later years of the Middle Ages.

Nördlingen is one of the emptiest, one of the quiet-

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est of towns. It is as if the circular brown wall which shuts it off so abruptly from the countryside, shut it off as well from the world. The seasons are almost the only travelers that make their way through the five towered gateways of this sleepy village; summer which causes window-boxes and courtyards to overflow with petunias, is almost the only change. One can still climb the crumbling stairways to the top of the wall, and walk clear round the town; one can look out, from the lofty steeple of St. Georgs-Kirche over the green and gold patchwork of the well-watered valley; one can wander for hours along the tortuous little streets which are all different, all beautiful, and yet all silent.

Dinkelsbühl, as I saw it on a Sunday afternoon in summer, seemed busier, more compact, less rambling than Nördlingen; older but less redolent of the past. There were people in the wide streets near the market-place and lovers on the walks outside the walls; in the little park near the Rothenburger gate a band of amateur musicians was playing martial music with a great clamor of brass. Dinkelsbühl, for all its moat, its unbroken wall and exquisite old houses, looked to be neither a dead nor a dying city. And yet the people of Dinkelsbühl have emphatically not forgotten that theirs was formerly an imperial town—once each year, on the third Monday of July, they put on their traditional costumes and celebrate, in a picturesque and charming festival, the anniversary of the town's delivery from a Swedish army.

It is strange that the three most perfect medieval

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towns in Germany—Nördlingen, Dinkelsbühl and Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber—should all of them lie, as they do, along the historic road from Augsburg to Würzburg; strange that these three alone should have been spared by time. Queenly Rothenburg, perched on its great hill above the steep valley of the Tauber, is the most beautiful of these and, though smaller than Nördlingen, the most famous. The narrow trickle of tourists which, five or six years ago, ran in the summer through its squares has since become a river rather more vigorous than the Tauber itself. There are now good hotels, bathrooms, porters at the station. There is even some talk of renovating the absurd little train which, by way of Dombühl and Steinach, connects Rothenburg with the outside world.

Just as every boulevard is sure, sooner or later, to be compared with the Champs-Élysées, and every museum with the Louvre, so every ancient town, in these days of wholesale travel, invites comparison with Carcassonne. Actually, it is as difficult to weigh walled Rothenburg against the turreted city of Languedoc as it is to weigh the living against the dead. The two are fundamentally incommensurate: Rothenburg is a gay, simple little city, old, but joyously alive, charming, but unconscious of its charm; over Carcassonne there lies the mystery of death, the haunting wistfulness of empty streets and undefended walls, the ghostly beauty of a grave.

The people of Rothenburg are hospitable and friendly, as befits the inhabitants of one of the love-

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liest places of this world. They have an infinite affection for the towered brown wall that circles their town, for the fine old houses that line its streets, for the flowers that carpet its gardens, for the superb evening view over the Tauber-Tal and the little clock which performs so magnificently at noon.

History has been recounted in many ways; only in Rothenburg, so far as I know, is it recounted by a clock. Every day at twelve two small mechanical figures appear on the gable of the post office and tell in pantomime the story of the Meistertrunk, or "master-drink." It seems that the imperial general Tilly, when he captured Rothenburg in 1631, found in the Ratskeller the huge five-quart tankard out of which the good burghers were accustomed to drink their wine. Amused, he offered to spare the citizens of the town if one of their number would come forward and drain the tankard at a single draught. The name of the hero who performed this feat—Burgomaster Nusch—is still affectionately remembered by the Rothenburgers. Every year, on Whitsunday and the Monday following, they celebrate his memory with one of the quaintest and most delightful fêtes imaginable.

Far less picturesque than Rothenburg and Dinkelsbühl, but far more remarkable, is the city of Nuremberg—a city which, for all its four hundred thousand people, its commercial prosperity, its myriad factory chimneys that throw a dark unlovely veil over the clear Bavarian sky, yet preserves in its buildings, its fountains and its walls the pleasant

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aroma of the past. Nuremberg is the city of the Meistersingers, of Hans Sachs, of Dürer, Vischer, Krafft and Stoss; it was the brightest and the most enduring flower of that now distant spring—the German Renaissance.

Nuremberg I saw first under the bleak half light of a winter dawn. Coming down from Dresden I had sat up all night and, outside the windows of the long cold train, had watched pile up over field and forest the soft heavy snow of a German January. When I reached Nuremberg the sky was just faintly gray with morning; the snow, thick, fresh, and virginal, lay unbroken on the streets; like a white cloak of silence over steep roofs, cobbled squares, old bridges, it enveloped the still-sleeping city. I walked through the Frauen-Tor and up König-Strasse, past the high beautiful façade of the Church of St. Lorenz (made doubly beautiful by the snow) across the black ribbon of the Pegnitz, that casual little river which winds through Nuremberg, to the market-place. Never since have I seen that lovely square so lovely, that enchanting square so utterly beyond words to describe. Winter, with whimsical artistry, had made of the Gothic Frauen-Kirche an enchanted building, had crowned each of the nine stone heroes of the Schöner Brunnen with a diadem of snow, had delicately accentuated, on the medieval houses round about, each horizontal line.

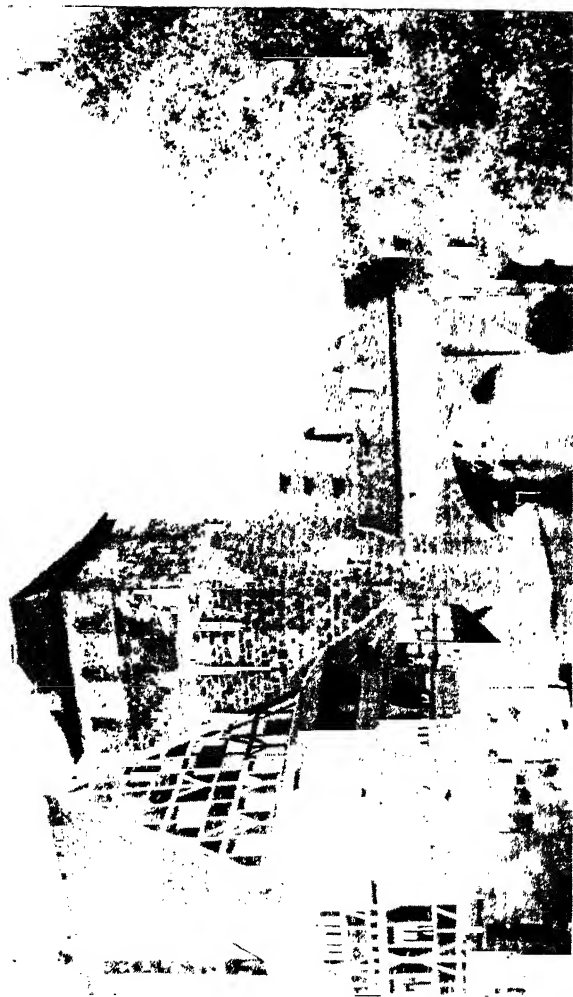
Nuremberg was just barely awakening when, an hour later, I climbed to the Burgberg, or castle hill, on the far end of the town. I was standing on the

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ramparts of this old imperial ruin when suddenly the low gray clouds broke up into long streamers of mist and the sun, warm, golden, wearing almost the aspect of a southern sun, broke through over the town. Nuremberg under this light looked like a little city of high-gabled toy houses; the snow on its irregular steep roofs had the rather too brilliant glitter of artificial snow. Nuremberg, city of ginger-cookies, seemed only an enormous frosted ginger-cookie; Nuremberg, city of toys, seemed itself a toy.

So strong in my mind are these first impressions—Nuremberg, old, medieval, asleep in the crepuscular silence of a chill dawn; Nuremberg, sunlit, white, shining in the incredible brilliance of that winter morning—that perhaps I shall never again see this city as it really is. For no matter how busy, how crowded, how noisy the Haupt-Markt may be on a summer noon, I remember it always as I saw it first at dawn; no matter how many factory chimneys I can make out in clear weather from the Burgberg, I see Nuremberg always white, and covered with snow.

The person who loves to wander along ancient streets and loiter under the dim Gothic vaults of ancient churches, who loves the savor of the past, will find in Nuremberg an excellent substitute for paradise. From the Frauen-Tor to the Kaiser's castle on the hill, this city is a labyrinth of narrow *Gassen*, a museum of houses, obsolete and charming, a wide, walled kingdom, ruled over, from twilight until dawn at least, by the outmoded gods of yesterday.



"Bridge of Sighs," a picturesque corner of old Nuremberg

A Bavarian Medley

Nuremberg's works of art are very numerous and very splendid. In the great St. Lorenz-Kirche, famous for its glass, there stands an exquisite Sakramentshäuschen from the hand of Adam Krafft. In the even lovelier church of St. Sebaldus is Peter Vischer's celebrated shrine, a masterpiece in bronze on which the artist and his sons worked for eleven years. In the Germanisches Museum, which must be ranked with the foremost of the Reich, are a thousand treasures that no traveler in Nuremberg can afford to miss.

To walk through the rooms of this remodeled Carthusian monastery is to turn the pages of a cultural history of the German race. Works of art and works of craftsmanship, gold ornaments of the Ostrogoths, stained glass, strange crude primitive paintings, magnificent carvings of the German Renaissance.

But finer, far finer than any of the things it contains, is the city of Nuremberg itself. Unlike most German towns, it is essentially, spiritually a unit, permeated from wall to wall by a single spirit—the spirit of those wonderful old houses along the Pegnitz, the spirit of the Schöner Brunnen (most delightful of fountains), of the Frauen-Kirche, of Dürer, Vischer and the Meistersingers, the spirit of an artistry infinitely rare, an enduring and creative love of beauty.

After Nuremberg, the northern rim of Bavaria—Bamberg, Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland—is to a certain extent an anti-climax. Like most of the

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imitation Switzerlands of Europe (and they are legion), the so-called *Fränkische Schweiz* is much less attractive and much less impressive than the genuine article. Bamberg, for all its great Romanesque cathedral (one of the most beautiful of the Reich) lacks utterly the easy genial charm of Ulm. Bayreuth is the home of Wagner, and nothing more.

Nevertheless, of these three, Bayreuth is probably the most interesting. Over this quiet town, nestling in the broad valley of the Roter Main, the shadow of the great master looms large. Here, in 1876, the operas of the Ring were first performed; here, in 1882, was held the première of Parsifal; here, in summer, is held every second year the most famous music festival of Germany. Wagner, assuredly, is not without honor in his own country. He is buried in the garden behind *Wahnfried*, his home—that *Wahnfried* which he christened "*Wahnfried*," because there "his aspirations first found peace."

Wagner, since his death, has undergone in Bavaria a sort of cultural canonization; he is in a sense the patron saint of all South German towns, the Cervantes of Bavaria, the Dante of Munich. Where better, than at his home, to end a trip through the country that loves him so?

Chapter VIII

CITIES OF SAXONY

DRESDEN and Leipzig (those strange sisters of Saxony) somehow reflect in their divergent spirits the dual nature of the Reich. Dresden is a gracious city of the Old Germany, a jeweled river-city, captivating by day and beautiful by night, a splendid city of eighteenth-century buildings, a treasury of art, a home of music. Leipzig, on the other hand, is essentially a city of to-day, a commercial metropolis, rather more proud of her annual Trade Fairs (the famous *Leipziger Messe*), and of her railway station (the largest in Europe) than of the Conservatory of Music which Felix Mendelssohn founded, and in which Schumann taught, or of the Thomas-Kirche where Johann Sebastian Bach was for two decades the organist. As if to show their nonchalant lack of interest in all things save fur, books, and civic well-being, the practical people of this unlovely city have torn down and destroyed the house in which Richard Wagner was born; the home of Bach they have treated in similar fashion; even the old Auerbach Keller, immortalized in Goethe's *Faust*, exists no longer.

Of all the large cities of Germany, Leipzig is the least colorful and (after Hamburg) the least in-

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teresting. This home of Tauchnitz and Baedeker, which stretches out over some dozen square miles of the great Saxon plain, possesses no single church worthy, even of the attention of an antiquary, no single public building of unusual beauty. A certain dignity, a certain spaciousness, are, it would appear, the only charms of Leipzig.

Out beyond the vast structures which house each year the Trade Fair, however, in what is now one of the city's largest parks, there has been set up, on the site of the battle of Leipzig, an impressive and rather distinguished monument. Here, on this grassy bit of level ground, was written the first chapter of that story which ended with Waterloo. Here Napoleon, after his retreat from Moscow, was crushingly defeated by the allied armies in what the Germans term the *Völkerschlacht*, or Battle of Nations. The monument, the "*Völkerschlacht-Denkmal*," is a colossal, sphinx-like thing, erected to commemorate the liberation of Germany; it stands on a huge mound of earth, at the end of the long straight Strasse des 18 Oktober. Seen from beside the Bayerischer Bahnhof, from afar, it has a rare genuine quality quite out of keeping with the city of Leipzig as a whole.

Dresden (most charming of German cities) is in all ways the antithesis of Leipzig; she is the bizarre flower of a transplanted civilization, a warm Teutonic heart that beats beneath a dark Italian skin. Just as Potsdam was built in imitation, conscious or unconscious, of Versailles, so the Electors of Saxony, when the time came to beautify their city, turned

Cities of Saxony

their eyes toward the South—toward Vicenza, where Palladio's buildings were tinged already with the dry elegance of the baroque, toward Rome, where Bernini had been hailed as the prophet of a new day, toward Venice, where Tiepolo was covering the great white ceilings of churches and palaces with masses of clouds, scattered with small rosy cherubs in the manner of Correggio. Finally, when the city was complete and perfect in their eyes, the Electors summoned a Venetian painter, Canaletto, to celebrate its glories; his pictures of the old Dresden fill at present a whole room in the Zwinger Palace.

To judge from these, Dresden has changed very little in the last two hundred years. The prosperity of the new Germany, it is true, has brought her vast modern suburbs, ugly acres of factories and dull acres of homes, but the real, the inner Dresden remains the same.

Herder is said to have called Dresden "the German Florence." One cannot help feeling that he was wrong. In the makeup of this beautiful city (and Dresden is, whatever its failings, one of the loveliest places in the north of Europe) there is none of that ardent transparent purity so characteristic of all things Florentine. About Nuremberg, yes; about Hildesheim, possibly; but about Dresden, emphatically no. She has instead something of the sensual languor of Venice (her Electoral court was the scandal of the Prussian kings), something of Vicenza, something of Verona, something of Rome. But be it understood that, when I say these things, I am

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referring to the spirit, to the architecture of Dresden—not to her people, who are sturdy hard-working Saxons, no more Italian than the people of Berlin or Cologne.

Dresden is one of the pleasantest of towns. No other city in the Reich has quite that same atmosphere of elegance, gracious and restrained, the same sprightly charm; in no other city does one feel so keenly the presence of an old and well-digested culture. This is so obvious that even the tourist who comes merely to do homage, in passing, to the Sistine Madonna, cannot but be impressed by the air of Dresden as a whole. The art galleries of this Saxon city are surpassed by few in Europe; her opera is a justly celebrated one; even in the arrangement of her shop-windows the same good taste is everywhere apparent.

The river Elbe divides the old Dresden from the new. Grouped about the southern end of the Augustus Bridge are the principal relics of Saxony's "Golden Age"—the Schloss, the Old Rathaus, the Zwinger, the Johanneum Museum, the Frauen-Kirche. Above these and beyond them, skirting the river on the site of what was once the city's wall, is the Brühlsche Terrace, an exquisite preface to the inner Dresden. This aristocratic and charming promenade, with its decorative statues and its trim, well-tended trees, has something of the deft, fragile quality, the subtle formal perfection of the porcelain for which the city as a whole is famous. Beautifully placed and magnificently proportioned, it is a

Cities of Saxony.

thing that one of the later Louis would have loved, a spiritual sister to the gardens of Versailles.

From the Brühl'sche Terrace one can see, round in a semicircle to the south, the domes, the towers, the walls of the splendid baroque buildings of Dresden. The finest of these is unquestionably the Zwinger Palace which houses in its long eastern wing the famous Gemälde-Galerie, or Museum of Art. The second finest is the Frauen-Kirche. This huge domed church towers over Dresden much as St. Peter's towers over Rome. In front of it the wide Neu-Markt, with its statue of Luther, stretches away to Johanneum (that double museum which is another of the city's glories).

Within the limits of the narrow parallelogram bounded by the Brühl'sche Terrace, the Frauen-Kirche and the Zwinger, lie also the Catholic Hof-Kirche, the Opera House, and the old ducal Schloss. Grouped here in the Altstadt, the cultural center of Dresden, are five great museums, four of which rank among the most distinguished of the Reich. Each of these four is supreme in its field; only the Albertinum, with its collections (none the less excellent) of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian sculpture, must cede the place of honor to similar museums in Berlin and Munich.

The first floor of the Johanneum is given over to armor and the second floor to porcelain. Of these two (wonderful as both are), it is over the porcelain, I believe, that most travelers will want to linger. Here, in addition to Dresden-ware, Italian majolica,

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and vases from Sèvres, Vincennes, Copenhagen and St. Petersburg, are some of the rarest pieces of Chinese porcelain in existence—among them, two huge jars of cobalt blue, given to the Elector of Saxony, Augustus the Strong, by King Frederick Wilhelm I of Prussia, in exchange for a regiment of dragoons.

Perhaps even lovelier than this collection of porcelain is the collection of jewels, trinkets, and exquisite curiosities of the Renaissance, hidden in the Grünes Gewölbe, or "Green Vault," the nine small rooms that open off the great courtyard of the ducal Schloss. In these one finds, with something of the spirit of a discoverer, the huge green diamond of Saxony; around it, bowls of chalcedony, carvings of pure crystal, cloisonné boxes, things of jade and enamel and opalescent glass, old clocks, delicate watches, works in silver and gold—an immense profusion of marvelous and most alluring objects.

Finally, having saved the best for the last, one comes to the Gemalde-Galerie in the Zwinger. This ever-glorious home of the Sistine Madonna is another Prado, another Uffizi, another Louvre. Its rooms reflect the Golden Age of Italy, the Golden Age of Flanders; its walls are a mosaic of masterpieces, an immortal testimonial to the good taste of the Electors of Dresden.

They say that when the Sistine Madonna first came to the city that is now its home, having been bought for twenty-four thousand Roman *scudi* from the Black Monks of Piacenza (be it to their eternal

Cities of Saxony

shame), the Elector Augustus ordered it brought at once into the throne room. Finding that the best light fell upon the throne itself, he pushed his royal seat roughly to one side, crying, "Make room for the great Raphael." This little incident is typical of the spirit of Dresden as a whole.

The Sistine Madonna, Raphael's most famous and perhaps greatest painting, is unquestionably the crowning jewel in Dresden's diadem of art. Nevertheless, to regard the rooms of the Zwinger as mere corridors leading to this single picture is to be guilty of something quite akin to sacrilege. For there are, in this museum, half a hundred other *chefs-d'œuvre* equally worthy of one's devotion. Let us then not leave this Pantheon, dedicated to the gods of art, without having gone to pay at least a passing tribute to the lesser deities.

It is quite natural that the art gallery of a city such as Dresden, a baroque city, languorous, sophisticated, worldly-wise, should be particularly rich in works of the Venetian School. There exists, as I have already pointed out, a subtle spiritual bond between Dresden and the sea-city of the Adriatic. Both, in their heyday, had the same conception of the beautiful; both thought of it as something ripe, autumnal, full of a rich mysterious harmony. Perhaps it was for this reason that the Electors of Dresden brought home to their city not one important painting by a Tuscan artist, that they purchased instead the enchanting masterpieces of Correggio,

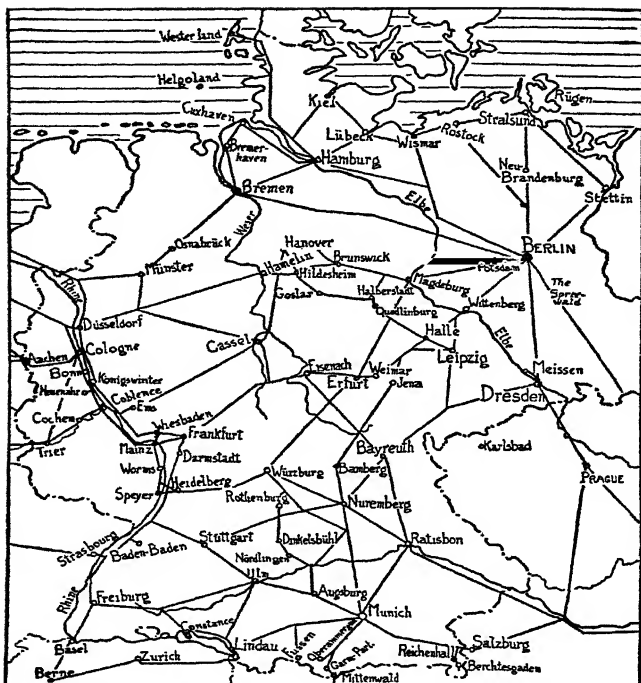
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the gorgeous works of Titian and Giorgione, the exuberant and glamorous pictures of Tintoretto, Palma Vecchio, Paolo Veronese.

Not even in Parma is Correggio so great as he is here in Dresden; nowhere is Veronese so splendid; the *Sleeping Venus* is Giorgione's masterpiece; the *Tribute Money* one of Titian's. In addition to these giants of the late Renaissance, the principal painters of Flanders and of Holland are excellently represented in the Zwinger. From Van Eyck on through to Rubens, Vermeer, Rembrandt, they are, with one or two exceptions, all present, all at their best. The Zwinger is indeed a Pantheon of art; Dresden is indeed an Olympus of the painters.

Fearful of an anti-climax, let us pass quickly over the other cities of Saxony. Let us except Meissen, the porcelain town, picturesquely built above the Elbe—and then, of the rest, the less said the better. Chemnitz, Freiberg, Zwickau, Halle—ugly, ungracious factory cities—are no sisters of Dresden, but products of a later and less cultured age. Dresden alone in Saxony is a city worth while, a city infinitely dear to the heart of the discerning traveler, a lovable city, hospitable and charming, a city fit for the gods.

PART II



Map of Germany, showing routes mentioned in Itineraries I, II, and III

PLANNING A TRIP THROUGH GERMANY

THE German people, nomads at heart and lovers of the road, have given to the word "wander" an important and honorable rôle in their great language. There is never about this, as about the French *error*, the implication of error, the suggestion of a mistake. The *Wanderlust* is a cherished passion in the Teutonic breast; the *Wanderjahr*, or wander-year, is the dream of German youth; a vast association of German boys is known as the *Wandervögel*, or "Birds of Passage."

It is indeed a shabby fate that has given to these Germans the least attractive wander-land in Europe, that has made their villages prosaic and their roads dull. For rarely in Germany, as almost always in France, is there a glamor about the ordinary. The easy fertility of hill and valley, the freshness of summer over field and wood, the green of gardens below the gray of roofs—these are the chief charms of the countryside of Central Europe. Nor are the towns themselves particularly distinguished—they possess, for the most part, either unusual attractions, or none at all.

Take these facts into consideration; think, as well, of the length and breadth and area of this new

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republic, remember that no country in Europe offers, by its very geography, a more difficult problem to the tourist, and it becomes fairly obvious that to travel through Germany without a plan would be to miss completely most of the things worth while. The person who wishes to see, in the course of a single trip, the Old Germany and the New, the Great Germany and the Small, the Germany of the farm and the Germany of the mill, will do well to lay out his itinerary with a good deal of care.

Let's assume, therefore, that, having consulted your tastes, your travel-agent and the first hundred pages of this book, you have decided more or less definitely what you want to see in Germany and what you don't, that you've made up your mind, tentatively at least, about the routes you want to follow into Germany and out. The matter of "how to get to Germany" we shall discuss more fully further on; briefly, however, our conclusions must be as follows: The overland traveler, coming direct from Paris, Amsterdam or Brussels, will want to take his first deep breath of German air in the cathedral city of Cologne; the trans-Atlantic tourist who sailed from New York with one eye on Berlin and one on Heidelberg will begin, necessarily, at either Bremen or Hamburg; Munich makes an excellent place in which to write "*finis*" to the German trip—from Munich one can go quite easily east to Vienna, south to Italy, or west to Switzerland and France. A zig-zag line, then, from Cologne (or Bremen-Hamburg) southeast across the Reich to Munich—a line that must and shall run through the

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score of places in Germany that no traveler should miss.

Perhaps the best way to begin is to write down, on a convenient slip of paper, the *Dramatis Personæ* of our trip to Germany, and then arrange them more or less in the order of their appearance. This first outline, however, should be an exceedingly sketchy one—a mere elastic skeleton (that itself is a paradox) which we can pad later on with flesh and skin—the side-trips and excursions which in turn will give, to the Germany we see, completeness and reality.

In the following pages are three such itineraries, together with a number of optional side-excursions. These itineraries (and the excursions as well) are largely self-explanatory—No. I is designed for the overland traveler, it begins at Cologne and ends at Munich. No. II presumes a trans-Atlantic crossing to either Bremen or Hamburg; No. III is for the hurried tourist. It is possible, of course, to read any one of these schedules from the bottom up—to begin at Munich and end at either Cologne or Bremen-Hamburg. In each case the minimum number of days is given; by means of stop-overs it would be easy to prolong, to double or even triple this minimum, and to do so advantageously.

ITINERARY I

For travelers entering Germany by rail or air from Paris, Amsterdam or Brussels.

The main line of this itinerary begins with the chief city of the Rhineland—COLOGNE, follows a winding route

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through Germany and ends, some four and a half weeks later at MUNICH. The short trips from the Belgian and Dutch borders to COLOGNE, and the possible prolongations to Italy, Switzerland and France are (both in the matter of time and expense) treated as extras. This whole tour from COLOGNE to MUNICH, including the three particularly recommended (**) excursions, calls for a minimum of 30 days of travel, a total of 1,983 miles, costing \$57.05 in "*polster*" or "upholstered" class (a sort of modified second) and \$35.35 in "*holz*" or "wooden" class. It should be observed—first, that on a certain number of through trains, the old *first class* carriages are still in use—a person wishing to travel in these whenever possible would have to add about \$15.00 to the "upholstered class" total; second, the prices given above, like those quoted for the various excursions, provide for travel by express trains whenever such travel is feasible and profitable (the slow train fares are from 20% to 40% cheaper); third, for a long trip of this sort it is considerably cheaper to buy, at some travel agency, a single ticket covering the entire journey (stop-overs are permitted)—the above price totals have therefore been estimated on this basis, and if tickets were purchased from point to point the additional cost would be about 20%.

A single asterisk (*) is used to indicate excursions that are, for some reason, out of the ordinary. The even higher commendation of the double asterisk (**) has been reserved for the very few side-trips that no traveler can afford to miss.

The overland traveler with Cologne as his destination can easily reach this metropolis of the Rhineland from any of the capitals of Northern Europe.

A. From Brussels—

By rail via *Liège*, crossing the German border at *Aachen* (see under Cologne—Excursion I). This 139-mile-run from *Brussels* to *Cologne* takes about

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5½ hours and costs \$5.25 in first class, \$3.55 in upholstered class, and \$2.06 in wooden class. It is possible to fly direct from *Brussels* to *Cologne* in 1½ hours. The fare, including 33 pounds luggage, comes to about \$10.00—or \$4.75 more than the first-class fare by rail.

B. From *Paris*—

By rail via *Liège*; from *Liège* to *Cologne* as before. This 7½-hour-run from *Paris* to *Cologne* can be covered by air in just 3 hours; the fare is \$20.00. The cost by rail—\$10.05 first class, \$6.80 upholstered class, \$4.75 wooden class.

C. From *Amsterdam*—

By rail via *Arnhem* and *Düsseldorf*, crossing the German frontier at *Emmerich*, 163 miles—about 5 hours; the cost—\$7.65 first class, \$5.20 upholstered class, \$3.25 wooden class, \$8.65 (2 hours) by air.

- (1) For the sake of its cathedral and other churches, in COLOGNE.

Two excursions from COLOGNE:

*1 day—By rail to Charlemagne's old capital, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (*Aachen*) and return. 88 miles in all. (Note: this excursion could be taken in the form of a stop-over by a person coming from Brussels or Paris.) \$2.76 upholstered class; \$1.73 wooden class.

**1 day—By boat up the Rhine to BONN, thence by tram to *Königswinter* and by funicular railway up the "castled crag" of DRACHENFELS. Back to *Cologne* by boat. Fare (one class only), \$1.40.

- (2) A morning express 112 miles to the ancient Roman city of TRIER.

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- (3) By the little narrow-gauge (Moselbahn) that follows the winding stream of the MOSELLE to *Bullay*—64 miles. Then

Either

Or

The quick and easy way—

An afternoon train on the main line to COBLENCE (37 miles more).

An extra day but supremely worth it—

By rail or by steamer to COCHEM (7 miles or so).

- (a) After visiting the castle of *Cochem*, by rail 10 miles to *Moselkern*. Thence on foot some 3 or 4 miles to BURG ELTZ. Back to *Moselkern* and on 20 miles to COBLENCE.

- (4) In the morning across the river to the historic castle of EHRENBREITSTEIN. Back in time to catch the early afternoon boat up THE RHINE to MAYENCE (*Mainz*)—about 55 miles.

An excursion from MAYENCE:

- 1 day—By rail across the river to the noted spa of WIESBADEN and return. Six miles each way. \$.25 upholstered class; \$.16 wooden class.

- (5) 23 miles to FRANKFURT—a great city of modern Germany. Then

Either

Or

The more conventional route—

A longer itinerary, especially recommended for lovers of fine painting—

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- (6) A direct train to HEIDELBERG (56 miles). (6) An early train to DARMSTADT (18 miles. A few hours in the famous museum, then off to HEIDELBERG (37 miles).

Two excursions from HEIDELBERG:

- 1 day—By rail to the ancient imperial city of SPEYER, and return. 55 miles in all. \$1.12 upholstered class; \$.78 wooden class.
- 1 day—By rail to WORMS (a fine cathedral and many interesting churches)—and return. 27 miles each way. \$1.07 upholstered class; \$.76 wooden class.
- (7) The morning express to the rococo town of WÜRZBURG (100 miles). (7) A noon express to (change at *Frankfurt*) CASSEL (*Kassel*), 180 miles. A collection of Rembrandts second only to that of Amsterdam.
- (8) A fast train 140 miles to WEIMAR, the Stratford-on-Avon of Germany. (8) The morning in the art gallery. Then an express in the early afternoon, 102 miles to WEIMAR.

Note: This itinerary is 42 miles longer than the one given in the left-hand column. The additional cost would be \$.86 in upholstered class and \$.58 in wooden class.

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(9) In WEIMAR.

(10) An express to WITTENBERG (97 miles), the home of Luther. Another train, two or three hours later, to BERLIN, 60 miles.

(11) }
(12) } BERLIN.
(13) }
(14) }

Two excursions from BERLIN:

**1 day—By rail from the *Friedrich-Strasse Station* to POTSDAM and return. 33 miles in all. \$.68 upholstered class; \$.48 wooden class.

*1 day—By rail from the *Gorlitzer Station* via *Lübben* to *Burg* in the SPREEWALD. A little boat to *Leipe* and thence to *Lübbenau*. Back to *Berlin*. 118 miles in all. \$4.75 upholstered class; \$3.40 wooden class.

Then

Either

Or

For the more hurried traveler—

A longer, more leisurely itinerary, requiring three extra days and highly recommended for any one who can spare the time—

(15) An express from the *Lehrter Station*, changing at *Hagenow Land*. 158 miles to the picturesque old port of *Wismar*.

(15) A morning express from the *Stettiner Station*, 85 miles to the quaint walled town of NEU-BRANDENBURG. Thence by an afternoon train

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to (56 miles)
STRALSUND, an
ancient port on
the Baltic.

- (16) By an afternoon train to (change at *Bad Kleinen*) LÜBECK (48 miles).
- (16) An afternoon express to the old Hansa city of ROSTOCK (45 miles).
- (a) On to (change at *Bad Kleinen*) WISMAR (55 miles).
- (b) By an afternoon train, changing at *Bad Kleinen* to LÜBECK (48 miles).
- (c) LÜBECK.

Note: This itinerary is 52 miles longer than the one given in the left-hand column. The additional cost, therefore, would be \$1.07 in up-holstered class, and \$.74 in wooden.

- (17) 40 miles by rail to the vast modern port of HAMBURG—a great commercial city of over a million people.

An excursion from HAMBURG (during June, July, August and September only):

- 3 days—The morning D-train 144 miles to the important North Sea resort of WESTERLAND, on the island of *Sylt*. Early the following morning by the narrow gauge to *Hornum* on the same island, and thence, by the steamer of the “HAPAG”

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Co., to the island of HELGOLAND (about 50 miles). On the third day, back to *Hamburg* via *Cuxhaven* by a steamer of this same company. About 105 miles. Cost, in all, \$10.60 upholstered class; \$8.35 wooden class.

- (18) On to BREMEN—76 miles. Another great trans-Atlantic seaport.
- (19) 77 miles south to the historic city of HANOVER (*Hannover*). Then on, in the afternoon, to HILDESHEIM, 23 miles.

Two excursions from Hildesheim:

*1 day—By rail to picturesque BRUNSWICK (*Braunschweig*) and return. 53 miles in all. \$2.55 upholstered class; \$1.50 wooden class.

*1 day—By the railway to HAMELIN (*Hameln*), famous for its legend of the "Pied Piper," and return. A total of 59 miles. \$2.15 upholstered class; \$1.32 wooden class.

Then

Either

Or

The direct route which during the summer could be followed advantageously by air—

A longer, more round-about itinerary, requiring four extra days and providing for an excursion into the Harz Mountains—

- (20) 144 miles to LEIPZIG, one of the greatest cultural and commercial centers of the German Reich.
- (20) The afternoon express to the colorful little town of GOSLAR (34 miles).

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- (a) A noon train, 31 miles to picturesque HALBERSTADT.
- (b) To QUEDLINBURG (11 miles), a quaint village on the edge of the Harz Mountains.
- (c) An all-day bus excursion to THALE and the VALLEY OF THE BODE.
- (d) By rail to (change at *Wegeleben*) LEIPZIG (82 miles).

Note: This trip from Hildesheim to Leipzig would naturally be more expensive by air than by rail. For the upholstered-class traveler this difference would amount to \$1.50; for the wooden-class traveler to \$3.80.

Note: This itinerary is 14 miles longer than the one given in the left-hand column. Including the bus excursion, and providing neither trip were taken by plane, the additional cost would be \$2.30 in upholstered class; \$2.20 in wooden class.

- (21) The morning in LEIPZIG. Then on, 77 miles, to DRESDEN, city of the Sistine Madonna.
- (22) In DRESDEN.

An excursion from DRESDEN:

*1 day—By rail to MEISSEN, home of "Dresden China," and return. 34 miles in all. \$1.18 upholstered class; \$.75 wooden class.

DRESDEN is perhaps the best jumping-off-place for a trip to PRAGUE and VIENNA, a trip which could, if one so desired, be prolonged to include BUDAPEST as well. There are two expresses daily from Dresden which cover the 145 miles to Prague in about four hours. Rail service in Czecho-Slovakia is expensive and not particularly good. From Prague to Vienna, too, one travels for the most part on Czech trains (about 220 miles—7½ hours by the express). This section of the itinerary, Dresden-Prague-Vienna, would cost for transportation alone, \$14.20 in first class, \$9.05 in upholstered class, and \$5.95 in wooden class. Over no route in Europe could one travel more advantageously by air. The running time of the Luft Hansa planes from Dresden to Vienna via Prague is just under 4 hours—as against 11½ by rail. The cost, including 33 pounds of luggage, comes to about \$17.30.

There are five expresses daily from Vienna to MUNICH; this 295-mile-trip can be very pleasantly broken at SALZBURG; it takes, for the entire run, a little under 9 hours. The cost—\$12.30 in first class; \$8.35 in upholstered class and \$5.80 in wooden class; \$18.00 by air (3 hours).

The traveler who has gone south by way of Prague will probably not want to miss, on his return to Munich, NUREMBERG, and the other picturesque towns of Northern Bavaria. One could, then, make the following 4-day circular trip from Munich:

- (1) By rail, 124 miles to NUREMBERG (Nürnberg).
- (2) On, changing at Dombühl to ROTHENBURG-OB-DER-TAUBER (58 miles).
- (3) In the afternoon to DINKELSBÜHL (31 miles).
- (4) Stopping at NÖRDLINGEN and changing trains at Donauwörth to Munich (101 miles).

The total cost of this tour through North Bavaria would be \$8.85 in upholstered class; and \$5.75 in wooden class.

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- (23) By rail (change at *Hof* and at *Neuenmarkt*) to BAYREUTH (185 miles), the home of Wagner.
- (24) A fast train, 58 miles to NUREMBERG (*Nürnberg*) known for the picturesque beauty of its older quarter. A fine museum and many interesting churches.

Then

Either

The more direct route which no one who has time to spare should think of taking—

Or

One of the most remarkable side-trips in Germany. Don't miss this one if you can possibly help it—two extra days—

- (25) The morning in NUREMBERG. Then on, 124 miles by the express, to MUNICH (*München*), center of the musical and artistic life of Southern Germany.
- (25) A half-day in NUREMBERG. By an early afternoon train (changing at *Dombühl*) to the medieval city of ROTHENBURG-OB-DE-STAUBER—
- (a) On, in the late afternoon (changing at *Dombühl*) to the almost equally charming town of DINKELSBÜHL (31 miles).
- (b) A morning train to NÖRDLINGEN—one of the loveliest walled towns of Germany. Thence in the afternoon (change at *Donau-*

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wörth) to MUNICH
(München) (101
miles).

Note: This itinerary is 64 miles longer than the other. The additional cost would amount to \$1.31 in upholstered class and \$.91 in wooden class.

(26) }
(27) } In MUNICH.

Three excursions from MUNICH:

****1 day**—A bus excursion (see the Official Bavarian Tourist Office on the Promenade-Platz, Munich) to OBERAMMERGAU, ETTAL, GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN and return. About 150 miles—\$4.75.

***4 days**—(This side-trip covers more or less the same ground as the first; it's necessary to choose between them). By rail to (change at *Kaufbeuren*) *Füssen*. Thence by bus to the little resort of *Hohenschwangau* and, after visiting the castles of HOHENSCHWANGAU and NEUSCHWANSTEIN, by bus to *Reutte*, and on via the mountain railway to GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN. By rail to (change at *Murnau*) OBERAMMERGAU, and on to *Munich*. 211 miles in all. \$6.10 upholstered class; \$4.15 wooden class.

***3 days**—By an early train to *Prien*; on by the narrow-gauge to the lakeside village of *Stock*—thence an excursion by steamer on the CHIEM-SEE. Back to *Prien* (a good place to spend the night) and by rail, changing at *Freilassing*, on the

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Austrian frontier (an Austrian visa is necessary if one wishes to proceed, 4 miles across the border, to SALZBURG) to BAD REICHENHALL. On south to BERCHTESGADEN and, by electric railway, to the lovely little KÖNIGS-SEE. Back to *Munich*. 233 miles—\$7.90 upholstered class; \$5.05 wooden class.

The itinerary proper ends here at Munich. One could, however, bring it to a more natural conclusion in any one of the following three ways:

- A. By the direct express from Munich to Innsbruck (Austria) and Verona (Italy). Cost (for the 99 miles from Munich to Innsbruck), \$5.55 first class; \$3.50 upholstered class and \$2.15 wooden class.
- B. By express to the border station of *Lindau* (on Lake Constance) and thence into Switzerland, to Zürich, or Lucerne. Munich-Lindau—138 miles, \$6.96 first class; \$4.20 upholstered class and \$2.55 wooden class.
- C. (1) By an early express 77 miles to the picturesque little town of ULM. An afternoon *Eilzug* to FREIBURG (150 miles), a charming city on the edge of the BLACK FOREST.
(2) An automobile excursion into the BLACK FOREST.
(3) *Either*: By rail direct to *Basel* (Switzerland)—41 miles. Total cost, Munich-Basel (including automobile excursion), \$10.80 upholstered class; \$8.05 wooden class.
Or: A train to *Appenweier* and thence, after a change, across the Rhine to *Strasbourg* (France)—58 miles. Munich to Strasbourg, all transportation—\$11.65 upholstered class, \$8.55 wooden class.

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Or: A slow train to *Colmar* (France) and thence by train or bus to *Strasbourg*. Munich to Colmar—\$10.05 upholstered class and \$7.65 wooden class.

Or finally: An express to (change at *Baden-Baden West*) the great mineral spring resort of BADEN-BADEN—68 miles. Thence, the following day, changing at *Baden-Baden-West* and at *Appenweier*, to *Strasbourg* (France)—39 miles. Transportation, Munich-Baden-Baden-Strasbourg, \$13.15 upholstered class; \$10.80 wooden class.

This second itinerary covers more or less the same ground as the first, but thanks to a more convenient starting-place, it is some 350 miles shorter.

ITINERARY II

For people who are sailing direct to Germany by the Hamburg-American Line or the North German Lloyd.

This itinerary proper begins at the great trans-Atlantic port of HAMBURG (the 76-mile-run from BREMEN, for travelers who arrive via the North German Lloyd, is an extra), zig-zags across Germany and ends at MUNICH. From Munich one can proceed as before to the French, the Swiss or the Italian border, but these prolongations, varying considerably in length and cost, are of course not included in the itinerary itself. This trip from HAMBURG to MUNICH, including three particularly recommended (**) side-excursions, calls for a minimum of 26 days of travel, a total of 1,701 miles which would cost (in upholstered class) \$48.45; and \$30.10 in wooden class.

A certain number of details, concerning parts of this day-by-day schedule, have already been given in *Itinerary I*. To avoid duplication these have been intentionally omitted from the following pages.

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- (a) The traveler arriving in BREMEN would spend the first whole day at his disposal in this interesting city, and go on to HAMBURG (76 miles—\$2.53 in upholstered class; \$1.57 in wooden class) the following morning by an early train.

(1) In HAMBURG.

An excursion from HAMBURG:

3 days (hot ones if possible)—by rail and boat to the seaside resort of WESTERLAND-IN-SYLT and the island of HELGOLAND. For the details of this trip, see Itinerary I.

(2) 40 miles to LÜBECK.

- (3) On to (change trains at *Bad Kleinen*) WISMAR—48 miles. Then

<i>Either</i>	<i>Or</i>
<i>For the person in a hurry—</i>	<i>The longer way round; worth it if you can spare the time—</i>

- (4) The morning train to (change at *Hagenow Land*) BERLIN (158 miles).
- (4) Change at *Bad Kleinen* for ROSTOCK (55 miles).

(a) An express to STRALSUND (45 miles).

(b) A morning train, 56 miles, to the little walled village of NEU-BRANDENBURG. Then on in the afternoon to BERLIN (85 miles).

Note: This itinerary requires two extra days

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—(a) and (b). It is 52 miles longer than the one given in the left-hand column. The additional cost: \$1.55 in upholstered class; \$1.00 wooden class.

- (5) }
(6) } In BERLIN.
(7) }

Two excursions from BERLIN:

**1 day—By rail from the *Friedrich-Strasse Station* to POTSDAM—33 miles in all. \$.68 upholstered class; \$.48 wooden class.

*1 day—By rail to the SPREEWALD and return—118 miles. See *Itinerary I* for the mechanics of this.

(8) A fast train to DRESDEN—113 miles.

(9) The morning in DRESDEN; then on, 77 miles, to LEIPZIG. Then

Either

Or

(10) By the morning D-train to HALBERSTADT (80 miles).

(10) An express to WEIMAR (56 miles).

(11) 64 miles to HILDESHEIM.

(11) On to CASSEL, famous for its picture gallery (113 miles).

An excursion from HILDESHEIM:

*1 day—by rail to BRUNSWICK and return. See *Itinerary I*.

(12) An early train to HAMELIN, the Pied Piper's

(12) The morning express to (change

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Town. Then on by the
afternoon express to Co-
LOGNE (245 miles).

at HAMM) Co-
LOGNE (173 miles).

*Note: This itinerary
is some thirty miles
shorter than the one
given in the left-hand
column, and would be,
for that reason, some-
thing under a dollar
cheaper. The other,
however, is worth the
difference.*

- (13) }
(14) } From COLOGNE TO HEIDELBERG, plus the (**) 1
(15) } day excursion to Bonn and Drachenfels. See the
(16) } first six days of *Itinerary I*.
(17) }
(18) }

- (19) The morning express to WÜRZBURG (100 miles).
(20) The morning D-train to (change at *Steinach*) the
lovely medieval city of ROTHENBURG-OB-DER-
TAUBER (41 miles).
(21) An early train (changing at Dombühl), 49 miles
to NUREMBERG.
(22) To MUNICH (124 miles by the afternoon express).
(23) In MUNICH.

An excursion from MUNICH:

**1 day—to OBERAMMERGAU and GARMISCH-
PARTENKIRCHEN. See *Itinerary I*.

*It would be quite easy to attach on this end of
a trip through Germany, a short excursion to
VIENNA. There are five expresses daily from
MUNICH, via SALZBURG to the Austrian capital,*

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and two or more Vienna-bound planes of the "luft Hansa" take off daily from the Munich flying field. The time and costs of this trip are discussed more fully in Itinerary I.

For the possible prolongations of this trip—to the French, Swiss and Italian borders, see Itinerary I.

The North coast of Germany (Hamburg, Lübeck, and the country covered in Chapter III of Part I) has been omitted from the following itinerary—which is, for this reason, somewhat shorter than either of the preceding two.

ITINERARY III

For the person who wants to see, in less than three weeks, all that he can of Germany.

This itinerary, like the first, begins at COLOGNE and ends at MUNICH. Including two (**) excursions, a minimum of 18 days of travel would be necessary for its completion; it calls for a total of 1,598 miles by rail and boat, costing \$45.60 in upholstered class and \$28.60 in wooden class.

- (1) The morning in COLOGNE. Then on by the afternoon express, 112 miles to TRIER.
- (2) By the narrow-gauge along the MOSELLE to Bullay, and thence a main line train to COBLENZ (101 miles in all).
- (3) The morning in EHRENBREITSTEIN. The afternoon boat, 55 miles to MAYENCE.
- (4) An early train, 57 miles to HEIDELBERG.
- (5) 55 miles to FRANKFURT.
- (6) The morning express to Hanover. Change trains and on to HILDESHEIM (253 miles).

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- (7) On, in the afternoon, to BRUNSWICK (55 miles).
- (8) 113 miles by the express to BERLIN.
- (9) } In BERLIN.
- (10) }
- (11) All-day excursion to POTSDAM (see *Itinerary I*).
- (12) An early express to DRESDEN (113 miles).
- (13) The morning in DRESDEN. Then on 77 miles to LEIPZIG.
- (14) 202 miles to NUREMBERG.
- (15) By the afternoon train, changing at *Dombühl*, to ROTHENBURG-OB-DER-TAUBER (49 miles).
- (16) Back to *Nuremberg* in the early afternoon. A good connection for MUNICH (124 miles).
- (17) In MUNICH.
- (18) An automobile excursion to OBERAMMERGAU and GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN (see *Itinerary I*).

Before taking up, in this section of the book devoted to the purely practical side of travel, the various problems which beset the traveler, it might be well to say a word or two about the climate of Germany as a whole. The German summer (and this is unquestionably the chief tourist season) is, to begin with, very unlike our own. For a fortnight, perhaps, in July or August the mild German sun assumes the character of a tyrant, beating down pitilessly on the level country of the North, driving half the population of Germany into leather breeches and the mountains, increasing vastly the profits of the makers of beer. And then, as suddenly as it began,

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the summer is over; a long September of warm days and cool evenings stretches away into the early autumn. The fall, in Germany, is the usual Continental autumn—mild, at first, then damp and a trifle dreary, lacking almost entirely the bracing weather of an American October and the hazy warmth of an Indian summer. The German fall is a self-evident failure, but the German winter is unquestionably a masterpiece—colder, but infinitely less wet and depressing than that of Paris or London; pleasanter, and a good deal less severe than our own, despite the fact that Germany is as far north, almost, as Labrador. While spring, in Germany, is like spring throughout the world—a delightful indescribable season.

GERMAN MONEY

IN those dark days when the French franc seemed anxious to plunge into the oblivion that had already swallowed the mark, its German cousin, I talked one time with an old peasant in Provence. This worthy man had long cherished, he told me, an admiration for all things American, particularly for the efficiency of "*chez Ford*." However, there was one thing which he wished me to explain—that morning, in the *Petit Parisien*, he had noticed that the American dollar was worth twenty-nine francs. "Why twenty-nine?" he said, "it is an unreasonable number. Why not ten, or twenty, or one hundred? You are proud of your efficiency and you divide your dollar into twenty-nine francs. Pah! It is not thus that M. Ford does business."

If this old fellow had lived in Germany he would have found things more to his liking. The American dollar, beyond the Rhine, is divided into four marks—from which it follows that the mark is worth twenty-five cents. Actually it is worth a little less; it fluctuates gracefully between 23.7 and 24., and fortunes are made, I am told, when it falls or rises.

I am one of those travelers who did not have the good fortune to be in Germany during the period of inflation. I never learned to think in millions of marks, and perhaps it is just as well, for to-day I find German money very easy. It's a good idea to

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assume, in the first place, that the mark is worth a quarter; remember, in the second that each mark is made up of one hundred pfennigs. The rest is simplicity itself.

As far as pfennigs are concerned, the German counts in fives. I once changed a little yellow five-pfennig piece in the city of Bonn. It costs one pfennig there to walk across the bridge; I gave the smallest coin in my pocket to the guard, and received in return four bits of bronze. One of these went back into the state coffers when I recrossed the bridge; the other three I threw into the Mediterranean four weeks later.

Aside from these trinkets, there are only three German coins worth less than a mark—five, ten and fifty pfennigs. The fifty-pfennig piece (worth about 12 cents) is a sort of German dime—the lowest common denominator when it comes to tipping (I advise you to have a pocket full of these, ready to use, as the occasion may arise.) The one-mark piece is made out of silver; it is a little thicker than our quarter and not quite so large. In addition, there are coins of two, three and five marks. Remember your high school German—*zwei* = two, *drei* = three, *funf* = five.

The German paper money is somewhat stouter than the French, the Belgian and the Italian. Beginning with five marks (the one- and two-mark notes are now exceeding rare) the bills run up as follows: ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand. They are all clearly marked.

THE MATTER OF TRANSPORTATION

By rail

IF the Deutsche Reichsbahn-Gesellschaft, that excellent company which, since the initiation of the Dawes plan, has taken charge of the administration of the German railways, could only provide some sort of artificial scenery to break the monotony of the German landscape—an occasional Mont Blanc between Berlin and Cologne, an occasional Black Forest between Berlin and Hamburg, its services would be the best in the world. Perhaps, as the burden of reparations becomes a little lighter, steps will be taken to crack up the beauty of the Rhine, the Harz, the Allgäu, and distribute it piecemeal over the various German lines. This is an extremely good idea, and I offer it freely to the German Railways as the only improvement I can at this moment suggest.

In the matter of comfort, convenience, and the hundred little refinements which add so much to one's enjoyment of travel, the German railways are easily the best in Europe. And I should like, at this same time, to proclaim the superiority of the Mitropa (the German sleeping- and dining-car company) over the American Pullman and the French Wagons-Lits. There are trains in Germany even faster than the Paris-Orleans flyer and one that surpasses, in

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the luxury of its appointments, even the Blue Train and the Simplon Express. It is true that the German third class is not, like the English, upholstered, and therefore satisfactory for long-trip travel. On the other hand, there are compensations without number.

Until recently there were four classes on the German railways; since October, 1928, there are only two and a half. Fourth class has been entirely abolished; first class has been retained only on international expresses and on a certain number of extra fare trains within the borders of the Reich. The two principal classes that remain (a slightly improved second and a sort of modified third) are called, respectively, "*Polsterklasse*" or "upholstered-class," and "*Holzklasse*" or "wooden class." These names have been very appropriately chosen. The seats in *Polsterklasse* are indeed upholstered; there are six places to the compartment (eight in the non-corridor trains); the accommodations, as far as spaciousness and comfort are concerned, are equal if not superior to the French and Italian first class. Nor can it be denied that the *Holzklasse* seats are of wood; no folded overcoat, no pneumatic pillow, even, can make them seem any softer than they are; wooden-class travel, especially for long distances, is a joyless business—I suggest that you eschew it. If, however, you insist on disregarding my advice, I hope that you will (for your own sake) be careful to pick out, when you get on the train, an old *third-class* carriage, rather than one of those renovated

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fourths with a narrow bench all round and a huge open space in the middle for *Traglasten*, or heavy baggage. The German peasant, when he travels, carries with him the most curious assortment of junk—bales, boxes, crates, beds, the family *daschshund* and the baby's cradle—all this goes under the generic name of *Traglasten*. I once heard of a man who, in the old days, traveled through Germany, fourth class, with an armchair; he sat on his "*Traglasten*" in the trains, checked it in the stations, and went about in this fashion, enjoying first-class comfort for a little less than one cent a mile. I think that most Americans, however, will prefer to pay the few extra marks and leave their armchairs at home.

Just as it can be said that there are two principal classes on the German railways, so it can be said that German trains are divided into three principal categories. To begin with the worst of these—the *Personenzug* corresponds to the French *omnibus* and the American local; its motto is "make haste slowly" and it is as methodical as a German scholar; it never misses a station and has a distressing habit of waiting on sidings while express trains go by. Over certain branch lines these *Personenzüge* carry only wooden-class passengers. Over main lines they carry no one who is wise enough to avoid them.

Next comes the *Eilzug* (fast train)—a sort of hybrid, half local and half express. You'll find these marked in the time-tables and on the station

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placards, with a red "E." They are to be recommended for trips of a hundred miles or less, and are well worth the small supplementary charge.

Finally, the *Schnellzug*, or express. Trains of this category are also known as "corridor trains" or "D-trains" (the "D" is for "*Durchgang*" or "through-going"). They are marked in time-tables and on station placards with a red "D." They almost invariably carry dining-cars by day and sleeping-cars by night; they are fast, comfortable and convenient. Their frequency can be judged from the fact that, despite the fairly substantial *zuschlag*, or supplementary charge, that one pays, the German people use them, in preference to the slower and cheaper *Personenzüge* and *Eilzüge*, for long-distance travel.

Above these, looking down even on the *Schnellzüge* with the arrogance of princes born to the purple, come the true aristocrats of the German rails. More than half the members of this select company belong to a class known as the *Fernschnellzüge* (long-distance fast trains). There were last summer some twenty of these in daily operation between the principal cities of the Reich. They are marked on station placards with a red "FD"; they carry only passengers in first- and upholstered-class; they are a little more expensive and a good bit faster than D-trains. In addition there is one FFD train—a gorgeous purple thing known as "The Rheingold"—which in the summer follows the Rhine from Amsterdam to the Alps. A half dozen *Luxus-*

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züge (international expresses de luxe) complete the list.

Passenger tariffs on the German railways are calculated on a kilometric basis. The rates per kilometer, in German pfennigs, are: first class 11.2; upholstered class 5.6; wooden class 3.7. This works out, in American cents per mile, about as follows: first class 4.3; upholstered class 2.15; wooden class 1.42. It's only fair to warn you, however, that these are the *Personenzug* tariffs. Every time you get on an *Eilzug* you pay from twenty-five pfennigs to five marks extra; this supplementary charge for the D-trains runs from one to ten marks. The zone system by which these surtaxes are fixed is too complicated to discuss in these pages. Here is a table that will give you a pretty clear idea of how this system actually works:

	Miles	First Class DZ	Upholstered Class			Wooden Class		
			PZ	EZ	DZ	PZ	EZ	DZ
Frankfurt-Mayence ...	23	\$1.52	\$52	\$76	\$1.00	\$36	\$48	\$60
Frankfurt-Heidelberg ..	56	3.34	1.19	1.67	2.14	.80	1.03	1.28
Berlin-Dresden	112	6.28	2.42	3.14	3.85	1.59	1.95	2.31
Bremen-Cologne	210	11.33	4.48	5.67	6.86	2.96	3.57	4.14
Berlin-Munich	424	19.80	8.71	9.90	11.09	5.76	6.36	6.96

NOTE: PZ has been used as an abbreviation for *Personenzug*, or local; EZ means *Eilzug*, or fast train; DZ stands for *D-zug* (*Schnellzug*), or express.

The FD tariff is equal to the D-train rate given above (in either first- or upholstered-class) plus four marks (96 cents). This additional surtax for the FFD-trains is eight marks, or \$1.92.

Here is another table, showing the time required for these same five trips on four different kinds of

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trains. The trains for which the times are given have been chosen at random from the official timetable.

	By <i>Person- enzug</i> (PZ)	By <i>Eilzug</i> (EZ)	By <i>D-train</i> (DZ)	By <i>FD-train</i>
Frankfurt-Mayence.	45 min.	41 min.	38 min.	35 min.
Frankfurt-Heidel- berg	1:56 "	1:46 "	1:33 "	1:12 "
Berlin-Dresden	5:17 "	3:17 "	2:44 "	—
Bremen-Cologne ...	7:10 "	6:22 "	5:46 "	5:08 "
Berlin-Munich	16:03 "	13:10 "	11:30 "	9:00 "

On comparing these two tables we become aware at once that the *Personenzug*, after all, has its place. A person anxious to economize would do better to travel in upholstered class by the *Personenzüge*, than in wooden class by the faster trains. My suggestion is, however, that you do neither. First plan your itinerary through Germany, then go, before you cross the frontier, to some travel bureau and buy a single ticket for your entire journey. Agency tickets of this type are good for sixty days and an unlimited number of stopovers. Due to a special provision of the zoning system you can in this way save a good percentage of your D-train supplements.

For any ticket that you may have to buy in Germany (as well as for sleeping-car reservations and the like) I can recommend without reserve the innumerable offices of the M E R (Middle-European Travel Bureaux). In these you will find English spoken; and, as in other travel agencies, you can buy all sorts of tickets at the regular rate. If, however, you find it necessary to buy a ticket for some

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short side excursion at the station itself, you can either ask for a "*polsterklasse*" (or "*holzklasse*") to wherever you are going, or stick to the old terminology—*erste* (first), *zweite* (second, or upholstered), *dritte* (third or wooden). These are used interchangeably.

German trains are rarely crowded and I've never found it necessary to do what certain travel experts advise—get a *Platz-karte* (or *place-card*) and in this way reserve a seat in advance. Such reservations can be obtained at offices of the M E R; they cost two marks in first class, one mark in upholstered class and fifty pfennigs in wooden.

Sleeping-car (*Schlafwagen*) berths, on the other hand, should in general be booked two or three days ahead. Night travel is both profitable and popular in the Reich; the sleepers are excellent and comparatively cheap; the night expresses fast and numerous. German sleeping-cars are of two sorts—those of the Mitropa and those of the Compagnie Internationale de Wagons-Lits. The Wagons-Lits are the more luxurious and by far the more expensive; the Mitropa's sleepers (at least those of first and second class) are entirely satisfactory. For these there is only one price, irrespective of distance—\$6.80 (including a 10 percent booking-fee) in first class; \$3.40 in second, or upholstered class; \$1.70 in third, or wooden class (this, of course, doesn't mean that the beds are of wood). This charge, as in America, covers only the cost of the berth; to it must be added the transportation by D- or FD-train. It

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may be well to state, too, that the Mitropa sleeping cars are divided into compartments; in first class there is only one berth to a compartment; in upholstered class there are two, and in wooden class three.

The German time-tables, like the French, are based on the twenty-four-hour clock. This means that midnight is called 0 o'clock, noon 12 o'clock, 6 P.M. 18 o'clock, 10 P.M. 22 o'clock, etc.

I have spoken above of the little refinements, the minor excellences which make rail travel in Germany such a pleasant thing. Perhaps the most important of these is the universal courtesy and friendliness of the employees. Never in my life have I been treated with more consideration than on German trains and in German stations. But let us examine, for a moment, the average D-train. We get in a carriage of upholstered class compartments and choose either a *Raucher*, or smoker, or a *Nicht Raucher*, where smoking is forbidden. If we were women traveling alone we would go to the end of the carriage to a small compartment marked "*Damen*"—for women only. Beside the door of every compartment is a little metal register—a glance at this and we know what places are *frei* (free) and what places *besezt* (occupied). No chance of going in and, a half hour later, having some one come back from the diner and dispossess us! In a few minutes the conductor comes by; he examines our tickets, moves the little metal tags of the indicator over into the *besezt* column, locks them there. and goes his

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way. Perhaps two hours go by before the next interruption; this time it's the *Dienstfrau*, the train's house-maid; she comes in and asks us to move; in two minutes she sweeps the floor, dusts the seats, and runs a damp cloth over the window. Then a fellow comes by and tells us it is time for lunch. We go into the *Speisewagen*, or dining-car. For eighty cents we get a remarkably good meal, perfectly served on attractive china. Ten percent for service as usual. Then back to our compartment. In the lavatory, by the way, there is running hot and cold water, liquid soap, and a small container full of individual towels. No need to arrive at our destination dirty and dishevelled! If, instead of on a D-train, we happen to be on one of the more important FD's, we can go back to a special compartment and call our friends over the long-distance telephone while the train is in motion.

Finally we get to our destination. As the train stops we put our heads out the window and call "*Träger*" (short for *Gepäckträger*, or porter). When the time comes to pay this worthy individual we give him about one and a half times the legal minimum of twenty pfennigs per bundle. Here are a few of the things we can find in the station:

A check-room, known as the *Handgepäck*, conveniently situated near the exit (*Ausgang*).

A large placard, giving the arrivals (*Ankunft*) and departures (*Abfahrt*) of the various trains, together with the category of each train, and the track (*Bahnsteig*).

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Two buffets, one cheap and one not so cheap.

As likely as not, a *Zimmernachweis*, or lodging-office.

In all probability, a large map of the town.

In Germany the problem of baggage is a not particularly difficult one. The regulations allow each traveler to take into the compartment with him not more than fifty-five pounds of luggage: this rule is not strictly enforced. Trunks and the like can be checked through on the payment of a fairly substantial fee. Baggage insurance is, as a whole, unnecessary.

By air

Berlin's Tempelhof is the Grand Central of the air. More than Croyden, more even than le Bourget, it is the focal point of Europe's airways. For, in the field of passenger and commercial flying, Germany leads the world.

To spend a summer afternoon on the restaurant terrace which fronts this extraordinary piece of greensward, to hear the shrill, intermittent wail of the warning siren, to watch silver bird after silver bird sweep down mysteriously out of an apparently empty sky, is to get the impression of a curiously shrunken continent. Leave Tempelhof at dawn—you can dine in Milan or Moscow, shop on Regent Street or the Rue de la Paix, sleep in Vienna, Brussels, Stockholm, Prague or Oslo. Leave Tempelhof in the morning—you can land before dusk at any one of the sixty-odd airports of the Reich.

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On the first of August, 1928, one hundred and forty passenger lines were running on a regular schedule in Europe and Asia Minor. Eighty-four of these were owned and operated by that great German organization—the Luft Hansa; eight more were carried on in partnership with foreign companies; sixty-six were flying exclusively over the territory of the German Reich. Some idea of the growth and present extent of these services may be gained from the following figures: During 1926 the Luft Hansa planes flew a total of 3,800,000 miles and carried 50,000 passengers; in 1927 the number of passengers went up to 102,000, while the air mileage was 5,760,000; throughout the summer of 1928 the company's planes averaged about 1,000,000 miles per month.

Much has been written concerning the advantages of air travel; little mention has been made of the beauty of the skies. Yet Nature, the supreme artist, has reserved for travelers of this upper firmament a whole new world of lovely things. A hundred centuries it has taken mankind to rise and see it—the enormous majesty of aerial moonlight, the indescribable grandeur of dawn and twilight in the kingdom of the clouds, the strangely perfect, strangely comprehensive vision which the birds enjoy. Rarely in my life have I seen a thing more beautiful than the high panorama of evening sunlight over the heather-covered moorland of the Lüneburger Heath. But let us, for the moment, shut our eyes to this beauty, forget the romance of the air, and consider the Ger-

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man aviation system from a utilitarian standpoint. Just what, after all, does one gain by flying? How does the cost of air travel compare with that of travel by rail? Have the services of the Luft Hansa been planned for business men, or do they deserve consideration from the American tourist?

In order to answer these questions satisfactorily, it's necessary to divide the German air lines into three definite categories. (1), the international lines; (2) long-distance lines inside the Reich; (3), short lines. Then let us take these up in order.

(I)

Here is a table that gives the details of four important international services.

<i>Line</i>	<i>By Air</i>			<i>By Rail</i>			
	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Flying Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Best Train Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Cost in First Class</i>	<i>Cost in Uphol- stered Class</i>
Berlin-Paris	555	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 7:15^1 \\ 5:30 \end{array} \right\}$	\$38.50	677	20:00	\$27.36	\$16.10
Berlin-Zurich	425	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 6:45^2 \\ 5:30 \end{array} \right\}$	\$28.80	606	15:15	\$27.10	\$15.05
Cologne-Amsterdam	153	2:55	\$ 8.65	157	5:00	\$ 7.65	\$ 5.20
Munich-Vienna . . .	230	3:05	\$18.00	292	7:15	\$12.40	\$ 8.35

¹ The regular flying-time from Berlin to Paris is 7¾ hours. The non-stop plane, however, which runs on Sundays only, covers the 555 miles at just over one hundred miles an hour.

² The non-stop express to Zurich (week days during the summer) is faster and more expensive than the regular plane.

Certain fairly obvious conclusions can be drawn from these figures. First, that in certain cases (due, for the most part, to intermediate stops) the flying-

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speed is surprisingly low—about 52 miles an hour from Cologne to Amsterdam. Second, that no definite mileage rate has been established for passenger transportation (it will be found true throughout Europe that wherever flying is particularly advantageous, the air tariffs are correspondingly high); this rate, even for these four services, varies from about 5.6 cents per mile to nearly 8.5, with an average of about 7.1. Third, that mileage rates are not a fair criterion of the comparative costs of air and rail travel, for the airplane routes are usually a good deal shorter than the railways.

There are, however, other considerations less obvious but equally important. In the first place, most people traveling from Berlin direct to Paris or Zurich, or vice versa, prefer to take a sleeper and save a day; this means in first class an additional eight or ten dollars (five or six in *Polsterklasse*)—it is actually cheaper, therefore, to fly by day than to travel overnight, in first class, by rail. In the second place, the time saving is not as great as it seems: in Cologne, for example, the Luft Hansa bus leaves the principal hotel of the city some forty minutes before the departure of the plane; thirty-five minutes are required to go from the flying field to the center of Amsterdam. Add this hour and fifteen minutes to the three hours of flight, and you reduce the time saving for this run to the insignificant total of forty-five minutes. In the third place there is the problem of baggage—for over these international lines only thirty-three pounds (15 kilograms) are carried free of charge, and excess is expensive.

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With all this evidence in hand, we can give pretty definitely the following verdicts:

(1) International air travel is not profitable for distances of under two hundred miles, except in certain cases where the train connections are very bad.

(2) By making use of the passenger air services, a person who, under ordinary circumstances, travels first class, and who wishes to cover some four or five hundred miles in a single journey, can save about sixty-five percent on time and avoid a monotonous railway trip with no extra expense, providing he doesn't take too much with him in the way of luggage. The upholstered-class traveler will find flying economically advantageous only when he happens to be in a hurry.

(3) The comparative infrequency of the departures by air (in most cases, one on week-days and none on Sunday) makes it necessary to plan one's travel schedule at least a day in advance.

(II)

The various services that the Luft Hansa maintains inside the German frontiers have certain very definite things in common; they differ, in some respects, from the international services of this same company. To begin with, for distances of one hundred and fifty miles or more, the mileage rate is fairly constant and surprisingly low. Then, too, over a good many lines there are two planes daily—one local and one express; and, finally, the baggage allowance (on all planes that do not cross the fron-

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tiers of the Reich) is twenty-two pounds (10 kilograms) instead of thirty-three. Here are the details of five important German lines—a table:

<i>Line</i>	<i>By Air</i>			<i>By Rail</i>			
	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Flying Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Best Train Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Cost in First Class</i>	<i>Cost in Upholstered Class</i>
Berlin-Cologne ...	300	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4:15 \\ 3:45 \\ 4:20 \\ 4:50 \end{array} \right.$	\$16.50	368	8:00	\$18.00	\$10.30
Berlin-Munich ...	318		19.20	421	9:00	20.15	11.25
Berlin-Königsberg	402 ¹		21.60	377 ¹	8:50	18.50	10.55
Frankfurt-Munich	224		12.50	258	8:00	13.70	8.00
Bremen-Leipzig ..	189	3:00	10.55	245	8:15	13.00	7.70

¹ The flying distance from Berlin to Königsberg is greater than the distance by rail because of the fact that Germany's commercial planes are forced to fly around, rather than across, the Polish Corridor.

On comparing this table with the preceding one, we become aware at once of certain differences. First, due to the excellence of the German railways, the time ratio between air and rail travel is less favorable to aviation. Whereas, on some of the international lines, this ratio ran as high as $3\frac{3}{4}/1$, here it in no case exceeds $2\frac{3}{4}/1$. Second, this time factor is more than counterbalanced by the lower mileage rate. If we except the fast service from Berlin to Cologne (and the high rate, in this instance, is merely an effort on the part of the Luft Hansa to keep Berlin-Cologne travelers off this, the Berlin-Paris plane) a person can fly over any of these routes for less than 6.5 cents a mile. The average is 5.6 cents—twenty-one percent lower than that of the international services. All five of these trips

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could be made much more advantageously, much more cheaply by plane than in a first-class sleeper. And even for the upholstered-class traveler, the difference is so slight that, considering the monotony of the German countryside as seen from a train window, the extra investment brings a very definite, a very worth-while return. To these long-distance airplane lines inside the German frontiers we must, therefore, give our unqualified approval.

(III)

Very different must be our conclusions concerning the value of short-trip flying. It has already been pointed out that, for distances of under one hundred and fifty miles, the actual saving in time is unimportant. This is even more clearly demonstrated by the following figures (I am including in this table, for purposes of comparison, two short lines in the Black Forest region which compete with the railway services that are notoriously bad):

<i>Line</i>	<i>By Air</i>				<i>By Rail</i>			
	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Flying Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Total Time, Including Bus Trips at Both Ends</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Distance in Miles</i>	<i>Best Train Time (Hours)</i>	<i>Cost in First Class</i>	<i>Cost in Upholstered Class</i>
Berlin-Leipzig	91	1:10	2:15	\$6.00	103	2:05	\$5.90	\$3.70
Berlin-Dresden	101	1:15	2:10	7.20	110	2:45	6.30	3.90
Munich-Nuremberg ...	95	1:20	2:25	7.20	124	2:35	6.80	4.15
Freiburg-Stuttgart	72	1:00	2:00	4.80	140	4:10	... ¹	5.00
Baden-Baden-Constance	95	1:25	2:25	5.55	140	5:10	... ¹	5.00

¹ Over branch lines such as these, the trains carry only two classes—upholstered class and wooden class.

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Here are two examples of those inconsistencies which make it so difficult to generalize about airplane travel. From the center of Berlin to the center of Leipzig, one can go more quickly by train than by plane; from Freiburg to Stuttgart it is actually cheaper to fly than to travel in upholstered class by rail. The first of these is, however strange it may seem, quite normal; the second is distinctly an exception. There are perhaps in all Germany a half dozen such lines—aerial short-cuts that recommend themselves to the traveler; every one of these follows a straight line over mountainous and broken country, gaining, by the very character of the terrain, an immeasurable advantage over the earth-bound rails.

But when it comes to the level country of North Germany one sees quite clearly the airplane's limitations. No one in his right mind (unless, we must say again, he regarded flying as an experience) would pay six dollars to reach Leipzig in two hours and a quarter—when he could go there (and with equal comfort) in ten minutes less time and for three dollars and seventy cents. Yet, before we condemn these short, these apparently useless lines, it is well to remember that they are links, essential links, in the great air chain that the Luft Hansa has forged.

It would be quite natural to suppose, since the swift Luft Hansa busses leave the principal hotels of the various cities thirty, forty, or even fifty minutes before the scheduled departure of the planes, that

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the flying-fields lie some fifteen or twenty miles away. This is, despite the fact that two neighboring cities, such as Halle and Leipzig, occasionally have a single airport, very far from true. Perhaps a third, certainly never more than half, of this time is spent in the bus; the remainder is taken up with the business of getting started. You buy your ticket the day before, and reserve your place in the plane; your ticket, incidentally, insures your life for six thousand dollars. Then, when you reach the flying-field, a porter seizes your luggage; an official weighs it and charges you for the excess; your ticket, with your name upon it, is taken from you; you go out on the restaurant terrace, sip a coffee, drink a beer; suddenly a boy comes over and tells you it is time to go. Your baggage has been stowed away in the back of the plane. In the passenger compartment there are from four to twenty wicker arm-chairs with straps a-dangle—you are requested to use these straps "when landing or taking off." A little door leads into a toilet; there is cotton to put in your ears; and small unpleasant-looking paper bags "*für Luftkrankheit*"—"air-sickness." Then the motor roars, the ground drops off below you, and for a little while you are up there with the clouds. Pretty soon the plane slants down again; here below you is a flying-field, its name spelled out in big white letters against the green of grass, the hangar looking like a small flat box, the lined-up planes for the world like little silver sparrows. Fifteen minutes to stretch your legs; a restaurant, an immaculate lava-

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tory, a visitor's register; then another boy at your elbow—time to go again. So the hours pass and you cross the Reich.

The German Republic in this, the eleventh year of its life, is the air traveler's paradise; in no other country can you travel so far, so cheaply, and so comfortably by plane. Even over the popular London-Paris line (which connects the two greatest metropolises of the Old World and counts the Channel as its greatest asset) the tariffs vary from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $11\frac{1}{2}$ cents a mile; in France, country of cheap railway travel, it costs thirty-six dollars to fly the four hundred and fifty miles from Paris to Marseilles. Meanwhile the Luft Hansa average is 5.6. Meanwhile more passenger planes are leaving the Tempelhof Airdrome daily than are leaving any other airdrome in the world—big Junkers that carry the traffic of a nation, winter and summer alike, over the great trunk highways of the air; little silver Fokkers, off in the late afternoon, taking business men to join their families in the mountains or beside the sea; all-metal birds, transporting the tourists of a new era. . . .

By boat

Of the many steamship lines which, in the summer, run across German lakes and along German rivers, the American traveler need concern himself with only one. For pleasant as it may be to cruise on a little side-wheeler down the Elbe from Dresden or travel in this leisurely fashion across the gray

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bosom of Lake Constance, all German waterways are pale and unimportant beside the Rhine. The boat trip from Coblenz, past Bingen, to Mayence is the one thing of its kind in Europe.

The boats of the Köln-Düsseldorfer Rheindampfschiffahrt (or Cologne-Düsseldorf Rhine Steamship Company), like the trains on the German railways, are divided into three classes according to speed—express steamers, fast steamers, and *Personen* (or local) steamers. Here are two tables showing the times and prices:

UP STREAM (FROM COLOGNE TO MAYENCE)

	<i>Time</i>			<i>Cost</i>			<i>Distance in Miles</i>
	<i>ES</i>	<i>FS</i>	<i>PS</i>	<i>ES</i>	<i>FS</i>	<i>PS</i>	
Cologne-Bonn	2:10	2:25	2:35	\$1.00	\$.75	\$.60	29
Cologne-Coblenz ..	6:10	6:45	7:25	2.25	2.00	1.55	67
Cologne-Mayence ..	12:15	13:15	14:45	4.05	3.60	2.80	124
Coblenz-Bingen ...	4:00	4:20	4:50	1.30	1.15	.90	40
Coblenz-Mayence .	6:05	6:35	7:20	1.86	1.65	1.25	57

DOWN STREAM (FROM MAYENCE TO COLOGNE)

	<i>Time</i>			<i>Cost</i>			<i>Distance in Miles</i>
	<i>ES</i>	<i>FS</i>	<i>PS</i>	<i>ES</i>	<i>FS</i>	<i>PS</i>	
Mayence-Coblenz ..	3:45	4:15	4:45	\$1.85	\$1.65	\$1.25	57
Mayence-Cologne ...	7:35	8:30	9:30	4.05	3.60	2.80	124
Bingen-Coblenz	2:20	2:40	2:55	1.30	1.15	.90	40
Bingen-Cologne	6:10	7:00	7:40	3.50	3.10	2.45	117
Coblenz-Cologne ...	3:45	4:15	4:45	2.25	2.00	1.55	67

NOTE: ES stands for express steamer; FS for fast steamer, and PS for *Personen* (or local) steamer.

There is one express steamer daily in each direction, one fast steamer and some half dozen locals.

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By automobile

The advantages of automobile travel are less obvious in Germany than in most European countries. To begin with, the Rhine is and probably will remain the greatest of Germany's attractions; the motor tourist cannot hope to get an adequate idea of the beauty and majesty of this lordly stream. In the second place, the Reich is not, like France, Italy and England, sown with picturesque inaccessible towns; there are few places of consequence in Germany that cannot be reached easily, quickly and comfortably by rail. In the third place, one is likely to find the countryside which lines the average German road extremely monotonous; the idea, then, is to spend one's time in the interesting places and cover the intervening ground with all possible speed—as far as speed is concerned no car can hope to compete either with the German expresses or the Luft Hansa planes.

If, however, you are planning to take a car with you on your trip to Europe, or purchase one abroad, I suggest you make the necessary arrangements through some automobile club, such as the A.A.A., the English R.A.C., or the Automobile-Club de France.

By bus

The German railway system is supplemented, in mountainous regions such as the Allgau, the Black Forest and the Harz, by a very complete network of

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postal bus lines. Information concerning these can be secured in the leading town of each region from the Verkehrsverein—for the Allgäu in Munich, for the Black Forest in Karlsruhe, Baden-Baden or Freiburg, for the Harz in Halberstadt or Goslar.

WHERE TO SLEEP AND WHERE TO EAT

IN view of the excellence of the German railways, it is a little disappointing to find that the hotels of the Reich do not, as a whole, measure up to this same high standard. It is not that they are lacking in any of the essential things—clean beds, bathrooms, the comforts necessary to the traveler—rather that they fail (with the exception of the *de luxe* houses) to provide those small niceties of service that one enjoys so much in France. One would expect, in this modern country, something more modern in the way of middle-class hotels (I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that nearly half of the second-class hotels of Germany have as yet no running water); one would expect, in this efficient land, something more efficient in the way of service (in a fairly good restaurant in Munich I once waited an hour and ten minutes for an order of poached eggs on toast).

On the other hand it can be said that German hotel rooms are perhaps the best furnished in Europe; rarely does one run across a bedroom (even at a dollar or less a night) without a sofa, a comfortable arm-chair, and a reading lamp. It is the boast of the German hotel proprietors that their houses are homes; this is, to a very remarkable extent, true. And it can also be said that the German *Gasthof*, or

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village tavern, is in every respect the equal of the French *auberge* (this is high praise).

Perhaps there is no one thing which contributes more to the traveler's happiness and peace of mind than the knowledge that he can, quickly and easily, find in each town the sort of hotel accommodations he desires. As far as Germany is concerned I can suggest two solutions for this problem—the first that, before leaving America, you secure from the German Railroads Information Office (665 Fifth Avenue, New York), the small paper-covered "Guide to German Hotels"; the second that you make use, wherever it exists, of what is known as the *Zimmernachweis* (or *Wohnungsnachweis*). "Hotel-room-information-offices" of this type are to be found in most large German railway stations—their service is particularly useful in such cities as Hamburg, Cologne, Dresden, Leipzig, Nuremberg and Munich—centers of *tourisme* and commerce, where hotels are likely to be full. On getting off the train you go direct to this office; you tell the clerk in charge just what you want—a single room with running water, for example, in a hotel rather than a pension, or vice versa, fairly near the station, at seven or eight marks a night. Then, in return for some fifty pfennigs (which are later deducted from your hotel bill), you are given a card. On this is written, first, the name and address of the hotel, second, your name, third, the price you pay. You present this card to the hotel clerk and are shown to the proper room. There is never any talk about "rooms all

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full" or "have you booked in advance?"; you know exactly what you are going to be charged and you pay no more.

The Germans, the leading substitute-makers of the world, who now make stiff collars out of paper and who, during the war, made bread out of potato peels, have even devised two inexpensive substitutes for their own hotels. First, the pension, which, unlike its French namesake, caters to transients and lets rooms without meals; second, the hospice—or hotel for Christians. These, which are to be found only in the larger towns, differ in no important respect from ordinary hotels of the same class. They are perhaps a little cheaper, a little quieter, and a little less commercial—that is all.

What hotel rooms actually cost in Germany may be judged from the following table. First-class accommodations call for a room and bath in the best hotel of each town; second class, for a room with running water in a fairly good hotel; third class, for a clean and comfortable room in a recommended establishment.

	<i>First Class</i>	<i>Second Class</i>	<i>Third Class</i>
Five large cities (<i>Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Dresden, Cologne</i>)—an average	\$3.75	\$1.65	\$1.00
Five small cities (<i>Lübeck, Weimar, Hildesheim, Bonn, Freiburg</i>)—an average	2.20	1.50	.80
Four tourist centers (<i>Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Rothenburg, Garmisch-Partenkirchen</i>)—an average	2.90	1.60	.90

These figures alone should, I think, serve to allay any fears that you may have had concerning the

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cost of hotel accommodations in the Reich. The third-class traveler in Germany will find himself spending sixty or seventy percent more than in France; the first-class traveler will spend, if anything, a little less. But be it stated here that when you pay the prices given above you have by no means paid your hotel bill. Baths, which rank as extras everywhere in Europe, are absurdly expensive in Germany—one and a half marks is the minimum and two marks the average. Breakfast, too, must be counted in—for whether you eat breakfast in a German hotel or no, they charge you for it—from one and a half to two marks for a pot of coffee, rolls, butter and jelly. Nor will two people traveling together find that they can save money in Germany (as they could in France) by sharing the same room; hotel prices are calculated *pro bett*, and a room that costs six marks for one person costs twelve marks for two. Finally there is the question of *bedienung*, or service.

Germany was the first country to abolish tipping and substitute what is now known as the service percentage. I can remember the general enthusiasm which this innovation at first aroused; travelers hailed it as a sort of panacea, fondly imagining that their tipping troubles were over. Little by little this system spread—into Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium. The time has come, I think, to declare it a failure. No longer is it possible, as formerly, to punish the bad servant and reward the good; instead of making all servants good, this has made them all

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bad. Bavaria alone of all the German states has been slow to adopt the service percentage; in the hotels and restaurants where the old system prevails the service is distinctly better, more efficient and more courteous, than in the others. The service percentage system works as follows: In all restaurants and hotel dining-rooms, ten percent is added to one's bill; I make it a point to give an additional four or five percent whenever the service is exceptionally good—German waiters seem to expect this, and I have had some sour looks for refusing to give it when I thought it was not deserved. As far as hotel rooms are concerned (and breakfasts) the percentage is usually ten, sometimes fifteen, and occasionally twenty. This of course is absurdly high, but there is nothing to do about it. I have even paid two marks (50 cents) a day for a service that consisted in having my bed made—and then been taxed forty pfennigs extra for the customary overnight shoe-shine.

Having thus enumerated what seem to me the defects of the German hotel, let me say a few words in favor of its delightful half-sister—the German restaurant. I know of no group of eating-houses in the world which, for sheer picturesqueness, can compare with the various *Ratskellers*, the *Schiffer-Gesellschaften*, the *Essig-häuser*, etc., of North German towns; and the Bavarian *schnitzels*, seasoned with Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms, are justly famous. Apart from such esthetic considerations, however, the average middle-aged citizen of the

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Reich is a walking testimonial to the excellence of German victuals and German beer.

The Germans, infinitely enamored of things *echt* and proper, have divided their restaurants into some half dozen definite categories. Realizing that beer and wine should never, under any circumstances, be mixed, they first drew a line between the restaurants that serve wine and those that serve beer. These, in turn, they proceeded to sub-classify and label. The most important of these classifications are as follows:

The Wine-restaurant is the most formal, the most *chic* and the most expensive of all. Wine is not obligatory but beer is rarely served. In these you eat *à la carte* and there is occasionally a cover charge.

The *Wein-stube* (Wine-room) is a wine-restaurant on a small scale, specializing in wines and liquors of all sorts, lunches, cold suppers, sandwiches, etc. Serious eating should be done elsewhere.

The Beer-restaurant is one step lower in the social scale. There are beer-restaurants of all sorts and sizes—vast ones (such as the Pschorr-bräu, the Löwenbräu, etc.), operated by breweries, expensive ones with ten-piece orchestras, cheap ones where tablecloths are unknown, good ones that serve good beer, medium ones that serve medium beer, and bad ones that serve bad. At least three-quarters of the restaurants of Germany belong in this one category.

The Beer-garden (*Bier-garten*) is largely a place

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to spend the afternoon. Drink all the *dunkel* you can hold—but eat at the restaurants.

The *Bier-stube*, or *Bier-quelle* (Beer-room) is a cheap quick lunch. Inexpensive, convenient and not bad if you happen to be in a hurry.

You will do well, while in Germany, to arrange to take your meals after the German fashion—dine between twelve and one (I suggest a table d'hôte meal in some beer-restaurant) and sup, in the evening, at a wine-restaurant, a *Wein-stube*, or a beer-restaurant, depending on how hungry you are. In most hotel dining-rooms and in practically all restaurants where beer is served, you can have, at noon, your choice of three or four table d'hôte menus, at prices ranging from one mark fifty to about five marks. This regular mid-day meal is known as a *Mittag-essen*, a *Mittag-gedeck*, or a *Mittag-tisch*. Generally speaking, it includes soup, a meat course with vegetables, and (in some cases) dessert as well. Bread, like beer, is an extra. Light beer, remember, is called *helles*, dark beer *dunkel*; and it is also possible, even in beer-restaurants, to secure a small carafe of inexpensive but quite palatable Rhine wine by asking for "*ein Viertel Weisswein*."

Certain restaurants serve an *Abendessen*, or evening table d'hôte meal; it has been my experience, however, that in the evening the *à la carte* meal is distinctly to be preferred. A person anxious to economize can get a quite decent supper in a beer-restaurant or *Wein-stube* for two marks or less; it

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is equally possible to go to a wine-restaurant like Kempinski's in Berlin and spend fifteen or twenty.

Unless you speak German, you will probably feel the need of some sort of guide to help you through the labyrinthine complications of German menu cards. I suggest you secure, as soon as you reach Germany, the Lilliput Dictionary (German-English). This tiny *Wörterbuch* contains a whole chapter devoted to this very subject. You will find it, I believe, exceedingly helpful.

WHERE TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

THE German information offices, and they are legion, are products of the infinitely efficient German mind. They are designed to assist, in every possible way, the traveler from overseas; their service is one of the most perfect things in this imperfect world. You get off the train in a strange German city; you go to the Verkehrsverein and ask for a pamphlet and a map; you go to the Zimmernachweis and ask for a room; you go to the local correspondent of the M E R and see about train connections. All this makes Baedeker and Bradshaw quite unnecessary. Strange that Baedeker's own country should have at last betrayed him!

German information offices are of two kinds—those supported by the Chambers of Commerce for purposes of propaganda, and those that are primarily travel bureaux, self-supporting organizations such as the M E R. Those of the first category are usually known as Verkehrsvereins, or Verkehrsamts; in most cases they are to be found either near the railway station or in the town hall; the clerks may or may not speak English, but there are sure to be English booklets for distribution, and the person in charge of the Zimmernachweis department will be enough of a linguist to understand you when you ask

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for a room. Those of the second category, unlike the others, have something to sell; but they are always glad to give you information about trains, reservations, etc., and unofficial advice about what to see. The three companies which operate chains of such bureaux are the M E R (of which I have already spoken), the Hamburg-American Line, and the North German Lloyd. Here is a list of the offices that I can particularly recommend.

In America

The German Railroads Information Office, 665 Fifth Ave., New York

In Berlin and Potsdam

Berlin—The Official Tourist Information Office, in a kiosk at the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and Unter den Linden.

The M E R bureau in the Potsdamer Station.

The M E R bureau in the Friedrich-Strasse Station.

Potsdam—The Verkehrsamt in the Rathaus.

In the North

Lübeck—The Fremden-Verkehrsverein, 4 Meng-Strasse.
(Ask for the guide to Lübeck in English.)

Hamburg—The Zimmernachweis in the Hauptbahnhof, or Main Station.

The Hamburg-American Line Travel Bureau, just outside the station.

Bremen—The North German Lloyd Travel Bureau (of which the Verkehrsverein is a part) at 35 Bahnhof-Strasse.

Where to Find Out What You Want to Know

Throughout the Center

- Weimar—The North German Lloyd Travel Bureau (co-operating with the Weimar Verkehrsverein), 12 Karlsplatz.
- Cassel—The Verkehrsverein's Information Office, which faces the main station.
- Hildesheim—The North German Lloyd Travel Bureau (coöperating with the Verkehrsverein) in a small building opposite the station.
- Brunswick—The Verkehrsverein, on the corner of Hinter Liebfrauen and Munz-Strasse.
- Goslar—The Verein für Fremdenverkehr—in a small kiosk on Bahnhofplatz.
- Halberstadt—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt, in the Rathaus.

Along the Rhine

- Düsseldorf—The Verkehrsverein (and Zimmernachweis) in the main station.
- Cologne—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt (Municipal Travel Bureau).
Unter Fettenhennen (facing the cathedral).
- Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen)—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt, in a kiosk facing the station.
- Bonn—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt, 27 Post-Strasse.
- Coblence—The Verkehrsamt, on Goeben-Platz.
- Mayence—The Verkehrsverein, 7 Bahnhof-Strasse.
- Trier—The Verkehrsamt, 45 Nord-Allee. Get the large English guide to Trier.
- Wiesbaden—The Städtisches Verkehrsbüro, Neue Kolonnade.
- Frankfurt—The Frankfurter Verkehrsverein, 8 Bahnhofplatz.
The M E R office in the main station.
- Heidelberg—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt, in a small building across from the station. Ask for the illustrated English guide.

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In the Black Forest Country

Karlsruhe—The Badischer Verkehrsverband, 10 Karl-Strasse. (General information about Baden and the Black Forest.)

Baden-Baden—The Städtische Kurdirektion on Augusta-Platz (excellent hotel information).

The North German Lloyd Travel Bureau, 10 Lichten-thaler-Strasse.

Freiburg—The Städtisches Verkehrsamt on Rottecks-platz.

The Badisches Reisebüro (for bus and automobile trips into the Black Forest), 33 Eisenbahn-Strasse.

In Bavaria

Munich—The Verkehrsverband München und Süd-Bayern, in the north wing of the main station. A sort of general clearing-house for information about Munich and the Bavarian Alps.

The two offices (the main office on Promenade-platz, a branch in the station) of the Amtliches Bayerisches Reisebüro, or Bavarian State Travel Bureau.

The Zimmernachweis in the main station.

Nuremberg—The Fremden-Verkehrsverein (of which the Zimmernachweis is a part) in the main station.

The branch office of the Bavarian State Travel Bureau (see above), which is also in the station.

Rothenburg—The Verkehrsverein in the town hall.

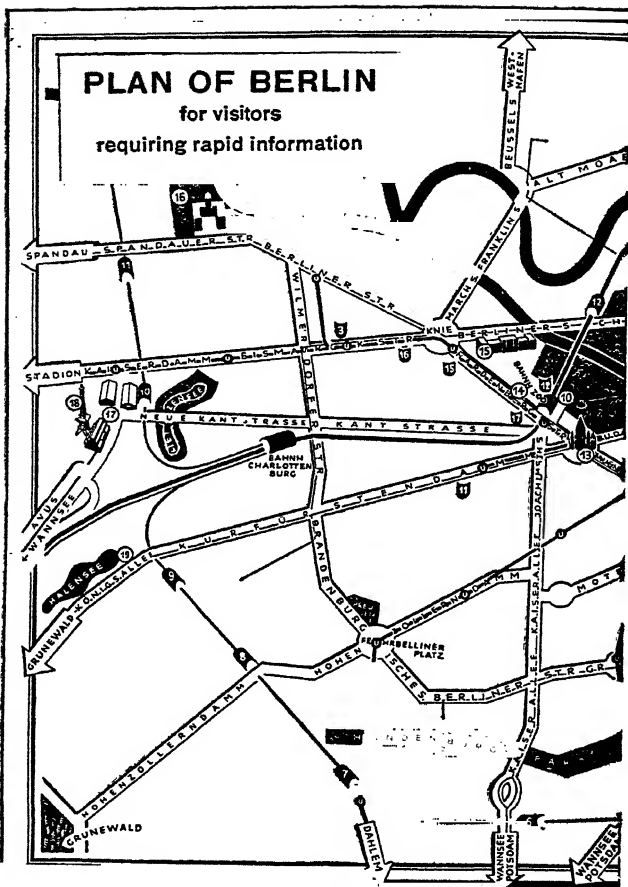
In Saxony

Dresden—The Verkehrsverein Travel Bureau in the east wing of the main station. Hotel information, etc.

Leipzig—The two travel bureaux maintained by the Leipzig Fair Association—the main office on the Markt, and a branch in a kiosk near the railway station.

PLAN OF BERLIN

for visitors
requiring rapid information



Museums

- ① Altes u. Neues Museum
- ② Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum
- ③ Nationalgalerie
- ④ Neue Abteilung d. Nationalgal.
im Kronprinzenpalais
- ⑤ Schlossmuseum
- ⑥ Märkisches Museum
- ⑦ Museum für Völkerkunde
- ⑧ Zeughaus
- ⑨ Reichsgeschichtsmuseum
- ⑩ Planetarium

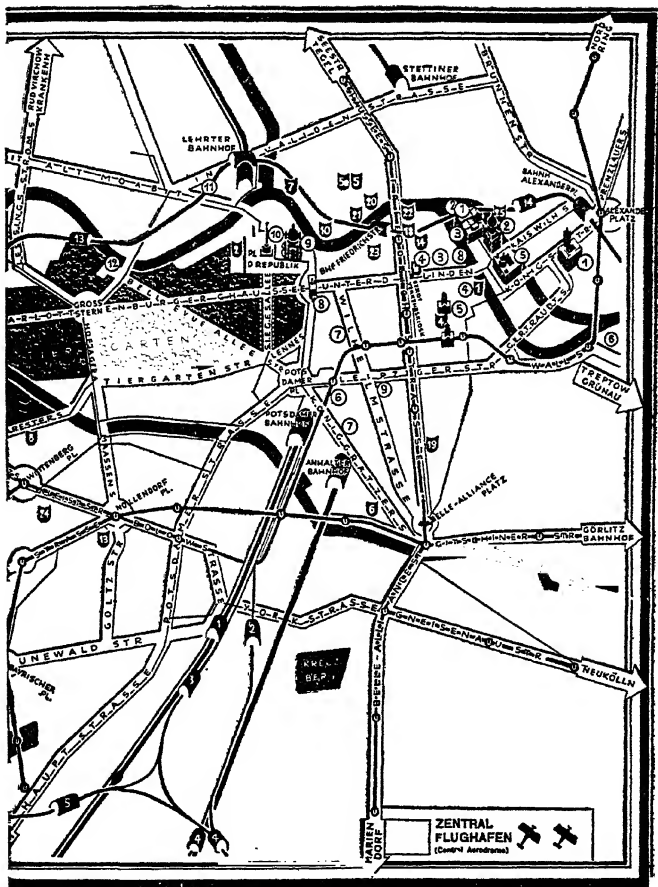
Places of Interest

- ① Rathaus
- ② Dom
- ③ Universität
- ④ Staatsbibliothek
- ⑤ Französ. und Deutscher Dom
- ⑥ Preussischer Landtag
- ⑦ Reichspräsidentenpalais
- ⑧ Brandenburger Tor
- ⑨ Reichstag
- ⑩ Siegessäule

⑪ Ausstellungshallen am Lehrter Bahnhof

- ⑫ Schloss Bellevue
- ⑬ Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche
- ⑭ Hochschule für Musik u. bild. Künstler
- ⑮ Technische Hochschule
- ⑯ Schloss Charlottenburg
- ⑰ Ausstellungshallen am Kalcedamm
- ⑱ Funkturm
- ⑲ Lunapark

————— Railway Lines —————



Theatres

- 1 Staatsoper
- 2 Opernhaus (Krolloper)
- 3 Städt. Oper
- 4 Städt. Schauspielhaus
- 5 Deutsches Theater
- 6 Kammerspiele
- 7 Theater in d. Königsstrasse
- 8 Leseing-Theater
- 9 Deutsches Künstlertheater
- 10 Kleines Theater
- 11 Komödienhaus

- 12 Komödie
- 13 Neues Theater am Zoo
- 14 Theater am Holländerplatz
- 15 Trianon-Theater
- 16 Renaissance-Theater
- 17 Schiller-Theater
- 18 Theater des Westens
- 19 Admirals-Palast
- 20 Berliner Theater
- 21 Grosses Schauspielhaus

- 22 Operettenhaus a. Schiffbauerdamm
- 23 Komische Oper
- 24 Wintergarten
- 25 Scala
- 26 Zirkus-Busch

Stations

- 27 Groß-Börschenstrasse
- 28 Yorckstrasse
- 29 Schöneberg

- 30 Papststrasse
- 31 Spandauer Strasse
- 32 Wilmersdorf-Friedrichsberg
- 33 Schmargendorf
- 34 Hohenzollernpark
- 35 Halensee
- 36 Witzleben
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- 38 Tiergarten
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